

# *The American* **LEGION**

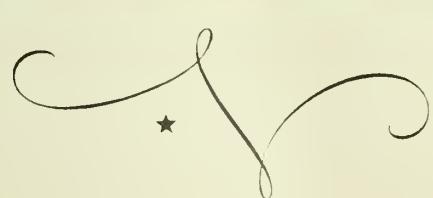
MONTHLY

AUGUST 1933

25 CENTS



**15**th NATIONAL CONVENTION  
The Place: CHICAGO  
The Date: OCTOBER 2 to 5



THOUSANDS ARE KILLED OR INJURED WHEN  
BLOW-OUTS THROW CARS OUT OF CONTROL

JOHN, WHAT WOULD  
HAPPEN IF WE HAD  
A BLOW-OUT GOING  
SO FAST?

**X** THIS MARKS THE SPOTS where your car may land when a blow-out occurs. You can't steer . . . you can't stop.

# NEW LIFE-SAVING TIRE PREVENTS CAUSE OF BLOW-OUTS

**Tests prove this new tire is  
3 times safer at high speeds**

UNFORTUNATELY you can't pick your spots when a blow-out happens. It comes when you least expect it . . . when steep cliffs yawn or ditches beckon . . . BANG! Your tire flattens . . . the rim hits the road . . . And a terrible drag sets in . . . Like some unseen monster pulling your car off the highway.

#### What causes blow-outs

Today's high speeds generate terrific heat inside your tire. Rubber and fabric separate. A blister forms . . . inside . . . and GROWS . . . bigger and bigger, until . . . BANG! A blow-out! And your car shoots madly off the road.

To protect you from blow-outs, every new Goodrich Safety Silvertown Tire has the amazing Life-Saver Golden Ply. This new invention resists intense heat. Rubber and fabric don't separate. Thus, blisters don't form inside the tire. Blow-outs are prevented before they even start.

At gruelling speeds, on the world's fastest track, the new Goodrich Safety Silvertown Tires lasted 3 times as long as

first quality tires that did not have this feature. These Silvertowns *never* blew. They were run till the tread was gone—but the Life-Saver Golden Ply refused to give.

The tread, too, is safer from skidding. Scientific tests with leading makes of tires prove that the new Goodrich Silvertown has the most skid-resisting tread. Its squeegee drying action gives your car extra road-grip and reduces danger of skidding to a minimum.

Remember, Goodrich Safety Silvertowns cost not a single penny more than standard tires. Look up your Goodrich dealer's name under "Tires" in your classified telephone directory. Have him put a set on your car NOW!



**FREE!** Handsome emblem with red crystal reflector to protect you if your tail light goes out. Go to your Goodrich Dealer, join Silvertown Safety League, and receive one FREE. Or send 10¢ (to cover packing and mailing) to Dept. 213, The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.



Heat generated by internal friction separates rubber and fabric—starts "blisters", which grow and grow until BANG! A blow-out.



Remarkable new Goodrich invention resists heat—making the New Goodrich Safety Silvertown 3 times safer from blow-outs at high speeds.

**Goodrich Safety Silvertown**  
WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY

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# “AND I’M NOT TIRED!

Cleaned and waxed the old car—look at it shine! This new wax method is marvelous. Took about half the time I expected.”



**1** First, you apply the new cleaner, after car is washed and dry. Cleaner dries to a white powder, easily removed with a cloth. What a wonderful transformation! And so easy to use!

**2** Next, you apply protective coat of the new wax. Takes about one-half former waxing time. Shields the finish against wear and weather—gives a lasting, rich, beautiful polish.

- Car owners—do one of two things. Go to your dealer (hardware, drug, grocery or department store—auto supply or service station) and get the special introductory combination of these new Johnson's products for \$1.10, with bolt of polishing cloth FREE. Or send the coupon below for trial sizes.
- Like other users, you will be enthusiastic when you have tried this amazing new wax method—that actually restores the lost beauty of your car—and maintains that beauty with the least effort and cost, for old or new cars.

**Johnson's Auto Cleaner** is entirely different—works so easily and quickly you will be amazed. Does not injure surface. The new **Johnson's Auto Wax** protects the finish like nothing else. Takes one-half usual waxing time—costs only 35c per can. Method greatly reduces car washings—increases trade-in values \$50 to \$200. And you'll gladly do the work yourself, it's so easy. ● Remember—wax is the ideal method for protecting and maintaining the finish of your car against ultra-violet sun rays, dirt, road film and weather.

## JOHNSON'S AMAZING NEW WAX METHOD

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc., Dept. AL 8, Racine, Wisconsin. Please send me a generous trial can of both the new Johnson's Auto Cleaner and Johnson's Auto Wax. I enclose 20c to cover postage for both.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address in full \_\_\_\_\_

AUGUST, 1933



**FREE!**

For limited time, one bolt of polishing cloth is being given **FREE** with every combination purchase of these new Johnson products. See your dealer at once.

For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion

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**C**OVER DESIGN: SCHOOL'S OUT

IT WILL TAKE YOU BACK

AT YOUR SERVICE, U. S. 101

DOG DAYS

Illustrations by Wallace Morgan

UP IN SMOKE, ONE-HALF BILLION A YEAR

THE COWARDS NEVER STARTED

Decoration by Herbert Morton Stoops

WE'RE ON THE RIGHT ROAD

PAPER MADE THE MARE GO

Cartoons by John Cassel

AND THEN CAME FORREST

SECOND DIAMOND

Illustrations by Remington Schuyler

WHY A MARINE CORPS RESERVE?

THE KNOWN UNKNOWN

Illustrations by Forrest C. Crooks

UP FOR CITIZENSHIP

LET'S GO, CHICAGO!

HELL OFF HATTERAS

MOTORCADE CONVENTIONNAIRES

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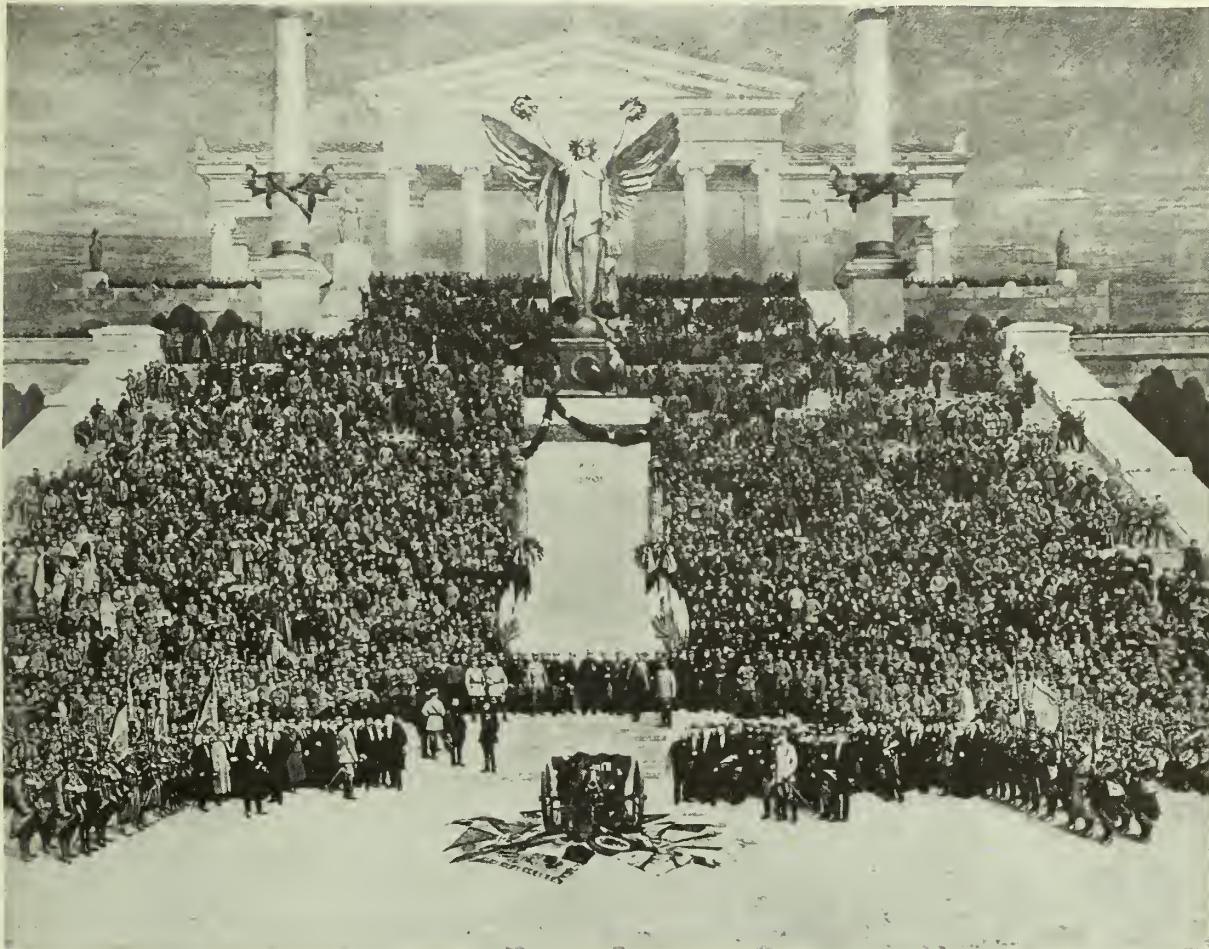
## A MESSAGE TO EVERY LEGIONNAIRE

National Commander Louis Johnson in his article, "We're On The Right Road," in this issue tells the story of the first phase of The American Legion's successful effort to procure modifications of extreme provisions of the Economy Act which had promised to make July 1st a day of national tragedy. It is a story every Legionnaire will want to know.

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# IT WILL TAKE YOU BACK *By Milton J. Foreman*



EVEN after fifteen years of study and reflection, the World War sometimes seems in my mind a jumble of people and places and unrelated incidents. The only actual happenings seem the engagements in which I had a part. The only lifelike individuals in all the war seem those whom I personally knew. The only real places seem those I have visited and studied in their relation to the whole. This is, after all, a pitiful smattering of knowledge about the greatest happening of our times, the greatest war in history.

No doubt you have felt an identical sense of discouragement, of frustration in your wish to know what it was all about. I think every veteran must feel it. The war was on so huge a scale that it is almost beyond the comprehension of an ordinary human mind. Every one of us has wished for a set of magic field glasses through which he might view the whole in its true perspective—and has known he would never find these, for of course they do not exist.

There does exist, however, one key which will unlock for you

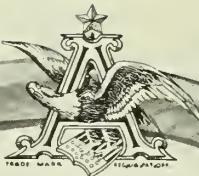
**One of the most impressive sections of the world's largest painting, the Panthéon de la Guerre, now on exhibition at Chicago, is the Temple of Victory. Every figure on the steps and in the central foreground is identifiable as an Allied statesman, publicist or soldier**

or for me a greater store of knowledge and exaltation than has ever been ours. It is, I firmly believe, one of the world's most precious treasures of art, of history, of the spirit in which the world's youth laid its life on the altar of war emergency. A century from now it will be known and reverenced as we reverence many of the treasures handed down to us from the Renaissance.

In the autumn of 1914 the Allies had turned back at the Marne the first German thrust toward Paris. France blazed with patriotic fervor, rejoiced in its army's achievement, relaxed from the

tension of those awful days when this war threatened to end as quickly and as disastrously as the war of forty-odd years before. And to a great French painter, too old to bear arms but at the height of his artistic powers, came the inspiration to paint a mighty canvas which would immortalize for posterity the deeds of those heroes whose valor had immortalized them for their contemporaries.

So Pierre Carrier-Belleuse hastened to (Continued on page 63)



# Something More than Beer is back

*Beer is back!* In those three simple words a great American industry has gone back to work. Hands long idle have found new jobs. Faces empty of hope brighten to a new promise. Thousands upon thousands have found honorable livelihood. A vast American market—a new frontier of industry reopens,—bringing sorely needed business to farmers, transportation and to hundreds of other industries. And with it, a new fountain head of tax revenue has arisen to add its dollars gladly to a nation in need.

*Beer is back!* But is that all? No! To cheer, to quicken American life with hospitality of old, the friendly glass of good-fellowship is back. Sociability and good living return to their own, once more to mingle with memories and sentiments of yesterday. America looks forward—and feels better... *Beer is back!* Yes! More than that. Beer at its best is back—the brew that outsold any other brand of bottled beer on earth; brewed and fully aged in the largest brewery in the world.

## BUDWEISER IS BACK

*King of Bottled Beer*

AMERICA  
WELCOMES

1876

# Budweiser

KING OF  
BOTTLED  
BEER

1933



A N H E U S E R - B U S C H • S T . L O U I S

# AT YOUR SERVICE

## U.S. 101

*By Claude M. Bristol*

OREGON, already famous among other noteworthy features for its great Columbia River Highway, has recently witnessed the opening of another superb scenic transportation link—the Oregon Coast Highway. Visitors to the Legion's 1932 National Convention at Portland who made the trip a real transcontinental tour by journeying the few miles that separate Portland from the Pacific saw this great road in process of construction; next time they go to Portland (and Portland will be happy to have them come again any time) they can travel on it from north to south the whole coastal length of the State. Running from the historic city of Astoria at the mouth of the Columbia River, which marks the extreme northwestern boundary of Oregon, to the California line, the new highway is approximately 420 miles long.

The Federal Government under its general state-aid road plan contributed approximately \$4,500,000 toward a total of more than \$18,000,000 which has been expended by the State of Oregon, the various counties and other agencies which had a part in the program, and the highway is now listed officially among the



Skirting the Pacific from Oregon's most northwestern point at Astoria to the California state line, United States Highway 101, completed since the Legion's National Convention at Portland last year, has given employment to great numbers of workmen and has provided a north-and-south thoroughfare amid surroundings of great natural beauty

Federal routes as U. S. 101.

Engineers declare that some of the most difficult highway construction in the United States is represented in the work, as rights of way had to be literally blasted out of the perpendicular sides of mountains, long tunnels had to be bored, dozens of tumbling streams had to be bridged and perilous cliffs overhanging the blue-green waters of the Pacific Ocean had to be split asunder. It is authoritatively stated that one mile of the road costing \$400,000, which had to be cut out of solid rock several hundred feet above the pounding surf, is the costliest mile of road-work in America. If it will be kept in mind that the Pacific Coast range of mountains—in Oregon at least—rises directly from the ocean, one gets an idea of the type of construction involved and the magnitude of the task.

The road, winding at times a thousand or more feet above the breakers with ragged cliffs

towering overhead, has brought hundreds of lakes and superb fishing streams to within a few hours' ride of coast cities. While the highway for most of its mileage is within sight of the Pacific, there are places where it traverses huge tracts of virgin timber—giant firs and magnificent redwoods. (Continued on page 38)

# DOG DAYS

*by*

HUGH WILEY

THE Depression hit the Wildcat in the stomach. He started ifsing. "If I had me a piece of bread I'd sop it into some ham gravy if I had de gravy. I'd have de gravy if I had de ham."

"Whut you gwine to do if you kaint if none of dem iffins?" Old Man Trouble inquired. Old Man Trouble was invisible but his bull-toned voice sounded plenty loud and discouraging.

"In dat case I just keeps treadin' de road till I ketches up wid Lady Luck," the depressed one answered. He kept treading the road until he got out to the edge of a tide flat at the lower end of San Francisco Bay where the road lost itself in a sand dune. "One of dem doggone single ended roads," the Wildcat complained. "Dem roads neveh git you noplace. Worse dan de straight an narrow path whut de Bible boy trod," he grumbled. "Mighty pleasant lookin' sand. Us sleeps some, an fo'gits dis vale of tears. Gettin' close on to de night time nohow . . . One good thing about dis unemploydment, a boy don't have to work."

He flopped down on a coarse growth of marsh grass that grew on the southern slope of the dune. The sand was warm. Presently the Wildcat dreamed that he was being grilled at a barbecue. The barbecue seemed to be in honor of a mammoth dog, one of dream proportions.

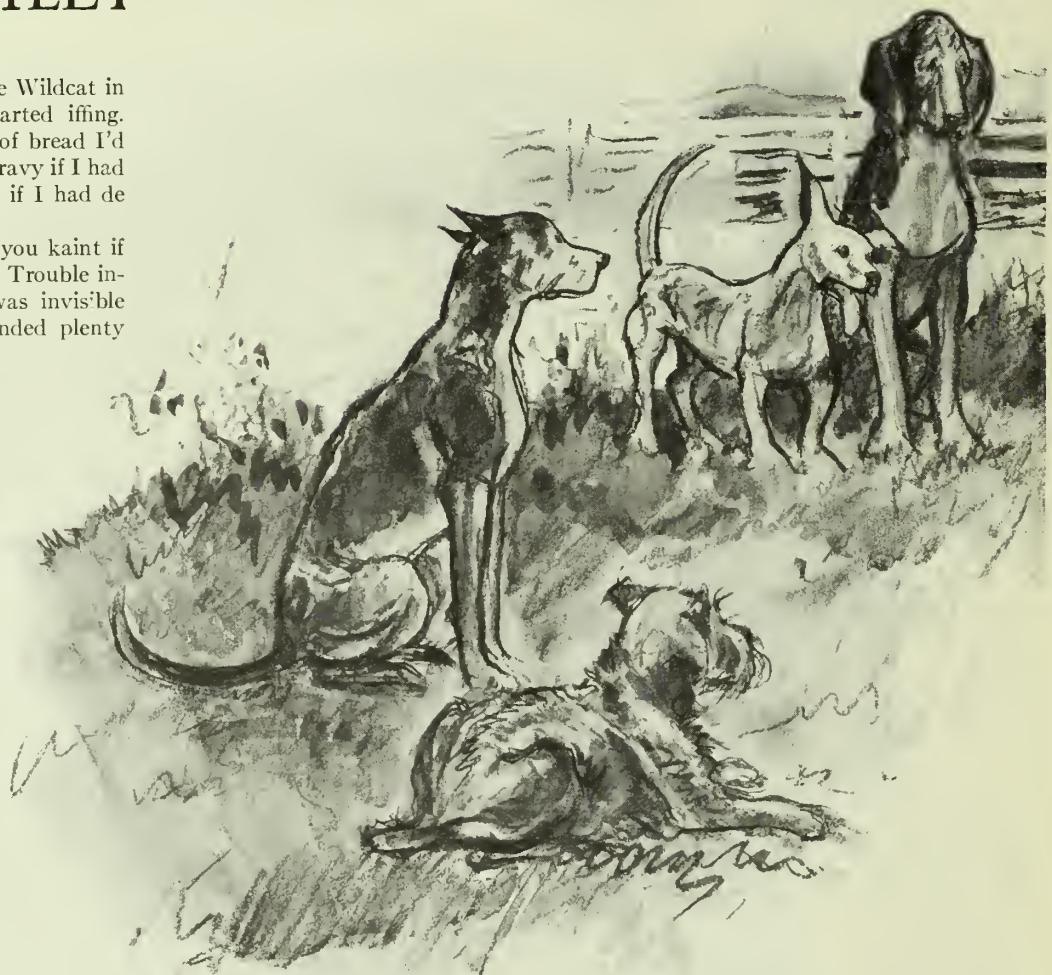
The Wildcat spoke to the dog: "Whut yo' name?" "If I tell you dat, den I be a talkin' dog," the dog said. "Quit iffen me dem ifs! Answer whut I ax you!"

In reply the dog made a wide leap over the Wildcat. "You sho' is agile!" the Wildcat complimented, struggling upward out of the black barbecue pit of his dreaming.

"Got to be agile to run down a jack rabbit as big as this one," the dog answered.

The Wildcat sat up and rubbed his eyes. "Whut you say?" he asked the dog, who had suddenly shrunk to dog size. "Whut rabbit?"

The dog wagged his stump tail and looked down at a big jack



rabbit that lay on the sand before him. The dog was panting, and something less than a yard of his lolling tongue was cooling in the evening breeze. He seemed to be smiling affably at the Wildcat, but he made no superfluous reply to the Wildcat's question. There was the rabbit, set forth in evidence.

"Hot dam, Iffy dog! Course you got dat ol' rabbit. Whut's de use talkin' so much? Stand back, Iffy, whilst us 'ranges dat rabbit for nutrifyin' purposes. Outen my way, Iffy, les dis knife slips an makes you twin dogs."

A quick slit with the knife, a jerk at the rabbit's overcoat, and supper lay before the hungry pair, divested of all superfluous raiment. Within two minutes the Wildcat had a fire crackling. A piece of barbed wire served for cooking utensils. "Mebbe us eats smoked rabbit, mebbe us eats roast rabbit—enny how, us eats! Heah you is, Iffy. Nutrify yoself wid de front end of dis carcass whilst I glomerates de hind legs. Saves me dis left hind rabbit foot. Dat's fust class good luck."



He woke up in a circle of dogs on  
whose faces he read trust in the  
future and confidence in their  
two-legged chieftain

"Woof," said Iffy, mildly impatient but obviously an admirer of his two-legged companion's culinary methods. "Wurruff." "Nemmine no mo' talkin'—hop to it."

Following up the hopping to it, Iffy cleaned up a residue of bones that remained from the Wildcat's share of the repast. "Dat's a good dog. Chomp yo' teeth. De good Lawd sho' fixed you up noble wid teeth same as I is got. Does de Lawd furnish de teeth seems like Lady Luck ought to furnish a boy wid rations to chomp 'em onto. Right now whut us craves is a drink of water. Seems like de fust thing Uncle Sam ought to do for de nation is to make dis ocean water fit to drink."

"Come along wid me, Iffy, whilst us accumulates some drinking water. Guv'ment don't even furnish a man wid drinking water. Neveh seed me such a Depression. Just like dat boy wid whiskers whut was preachin' in dat hobo camp last night done said—rich folks got plenty of fust class ice water all de time whilst all dat poor folks gits to drink is homemade gin."

The Wildcat and Iffy wandered two miles inland toward Sunnyview before they got their drink of water. It was dark now and along with their drink the thirsty wanderers received an urgent request from the plutocratic farmer, who owned plenty of drinking water, to keep traveling.

"Keep right down the road till you hit Sunnyview. The town is putting out free meals and a place to sleep for all you boys."

"Yas suh, dat's where us is

headin' for. Us craves vittels and rest. Come along, Iffy."

Heading for a place where he could get something for nothing, the Wildcat landed on the main street of Sunnyview at seven o'clock that evening. Free meals in Sunnyview had a mythical quality that baffled Lady Luck's orphan. His feet began to hurt. He looked down at his broken shoes from which protruded miscellaneous collections of toes. "Feet, whut you got to quit leadin' is dis outdoor life. Frost gwine to come and curl you up till dem toes points backwards. . . . Nemmine hurtin' right dis minute. Keep a-treadin' me to where at dem free meals is."

A burst of band music crashing into the evening stillness of Sunnyview took the Wildcat's mind off the subject of free meals. "Where dey is a band dey is a ruckus. Where dey is a ruckus maybe us finds some rations."

There were no tangible rations attached to this consignment of band music. Instead of something to fill a boy's stomach there was nothing except ear-filling language orated by a fat man. All the language did was to buzz around in a boy's brain. "Ioreign entanglements, farm relief, the bonus, war debts, responsibility for the Depression." After ten minutes of this hypnotizing eloquence the Wildcat realized that he was listening to a political oration. He stayed for the blowoff, joined in the applause, and in the subsequent silence, at the orator's invitation, he asked a question. The fat man beamed upon his hearers, "If any of you, my countrymen, would like answers to questions that puzzle you at this moment, I shall be pleased to answer them to the best of my ability."

The first question was voiced by the Wildcat. Loud enough to insure an answer that would remove all doubt on the subject he asked the all important question that forever attended a political ruckus. "Mistah chairman, whut is de best cash price you kin

Illustrations by  
Wallace Morgan

pay for votes right this minute?" In the questioner's heart he hoped that the best cash price would be more than the measly dollar that had been the market price of his vote in the past. "Man talks so loud that maybe he needs a lot of high-toned two dollar votes," thought Wildcat.

Instead of getting an answer to his question he seemed to become the center of a milling mob. Some of the white folks were friendly but some of them talked mighty mean talk. Under the circumstances a quick retreat toward some less populous section of the world seemed advisable. "Come along here, Iffy," he growled, accumulating his dog before the stampede could grind Iffy into the dust. "Us got to ramble . . . Never see folks git excited so quick. Doggone it, whut us needs is rations. Dat old rabbit was no more fillin' dan a hummin' bird inside of a Jonah whale."

Something had delayed the arrival of Lady Luck. The Wildcat reached into the left hand pocket of his ragged shirt seeking assurance of Lady Luck's existence from the tangible trophy that lay therein. The left hind leg of the jack rabbit was gone! "How come I forget dat hole in my pocket? Old Man Trouble done reached in dat hole and stole my rabbit foot! Lady Luck, here us is—where at is you? You better come here mighty quick. Iffy and me is plumb wore out."

Under an oak tree beside the railroad that ran to Santa Cruz, the Wildcat and Iffy made their camp for the night. "Does Lady Luck crave to find us she meets up wid us right here mighty easy. Wonder where at kin she be." With Iffy at his feet the Wildcat curled up against the solid trunk of the spreading oak and went to sleep.

Light burning through his tightly closed eyelids awakened him. It required a long minute of eye rubbing before he realized that

the light was not the light of dawn. From where he lay beside the oak tree he saw two men standing in the glare of flames that rose from a burning automobile. One of these men was a chunky sawed-off of a white man dressed in a dark blue suit. His companion was a tall, angular man whose thin face was adorned with a wispy black mustache. Neither of the pair seemed to be much excited about their automobile accident. They lingered in the glare of the light for a moment and then started on foot along the road toward Sunnyview.

A low growl from Iffy suggested to the Wildcat the dramatic possibilities of the event. He silenced Iffy with a word of caution and a pat on the head. "Nemmine doing no growlin', Iffy. Dem white folks' business is dey own business. That ain't nothin' but a flivver nohow."

Down the bank beside the deserted road the gasoline flames around the flivver blazed for ten minutes and died down to a smoldering fire that flickered intermittently from seat cushions and bits of heavier fuel.

The Wildcat grumbled a final protest at this latest interruption to his sleep program. "Seems like no matter where us goes something keeps us awake. Dis time I aims to sleep myself mighty noble. Ain't nothin' gwine to wake me up till I gits rested."

In this last sleeping venture Lady Luck's orphan was successful. He slept through the balance of the night and on into the morning until the sun was four hours high. He awakened with the same old vacant feeling in his stomach. Iffy had been ranging around the country since sun-up, matching his prowess against half a dozen elusive gophers, a bushy tailed tree squirrel and a covey of quail, all without success. Iffy's prayer for another jack rabbit had not been answered and he was as hungry as his master.

"Seems like dey ought to be something to eat, some place, in dis country. A boy can't do nothin' widout no breakfast. Come along, Iffy. Us heads along back into dat Sunnyview town. Bound to be somebody feed us some place in dat town."

A hundred feet from his camp the Wildcat paused to survey the wreck of the burned flivver. "Dat fire sh' did a fust class job. Ain't left nothin' but a old tin skeleton of dis— Hot damn! Look here, Iffy, whut Lady Luck done showered down!"

At the Wildcat's feet near the wreck of the flivver lay three shining half dollars. He picked up the coins with the alacrity of a young rooster working in a field of grasshoppers. He faced about in a military manner and started to trot toward the town of Sunnyview. "Four bits is mighty big money when a man is hungry. Us is got four bits three times. Dem white men lost dis money but it gwine to stay lost so fer as dey is cumcerned. Git a-runnin', Iffy, us gwine to change dis cash into mighty noble rations big enough to bulge yo' stomach."

On the outskirts of Sunnyview at the first food emporium that he encountered, the Wildcat invested a fifty cent piece in five hot dogs. He ate two of them himself and gave three to the ravenous Iffy. "Nemmine cleanin' up dem crumbs, Iffy—us is jest beginnin'. Dem rations ain't no more dan a sample of whut's comin'."

The purchase of a second consignment of hot dogs followed, accompanied by another forty-sixty split.



"Whut rabbit?" the Wildcat asked the dog, who had suddenly shrunk to dog size



**"Nemmine doing no growlin', Iffy," the Wildcat counseled. "Dem white folks' business is dey own business"**

Iffy consumed his sixth hot dog and the soggy roll that encompassed it with the same alacrity that he had displayed in eating his first one. The Wildcat looked down at the last bright half dollar gleaming against the magenta background of the palm of his right hand. "Money, all you is good for is to git somethin'. Fo' bits, us don't aim to hoard you none." He turned to the proprietor of the hot dog stand. "Gimme five more dogs. Ain't got nothin' but retail money, but dis mornin' Iffy and me is equipped wid wholesale stomachs."

Of this third consignment Iffy got three hot dogs and the enveloping roll from the fourth. Under the soothing influence of its cargo the Wildcat's stomach had begun to lose its wholesale tendencies. "Whuff! Mighty noble rations!"

The Wildcat soused his banquet with three copious helpings of free ice water that the hot dog man supplied and turned away from the scene of his repast. "Come a-trottin', Iffy. Us got to ketch up wid Lady Luck."

Iffy displayed a casual reluctance to immediate travel. He had affiliated with two stray dogs and an argument in the dog

congress was under way as to whether or not the two strangers would follow Iffy's black champion. "He is a first class provider," Iffy set forth in dog language. "I never had a better meal than the one he bought for me just now. When did you two road ramblers ever get nine hot dogs from anybody? You'd better follow along with us."

A moment's consideration and Iffy's two canine companions saw the point. Where the Wildcat had arrived at the ration emporium with one dog he left with three. Half a mile down the road he added two more members to his flock. "Hot damn! Look at dem 'ol dogs playin' 'round. Us keep a-goin' dis way I gwine to be dog rich."

When the pack had increased to seven dogs under Iffy's high pressure recruiting campaign: "Lawd gosh, Lady Luck, where us gwine to get rations for dese fool dogs? Looks like Iffy done overplayed his hand." He had visions of a pack of hungry dogs gnawing at sections of his personal anatomy if he failed to provide other rations for them. He contemplated deserting his proteges, but feeling the necessity (Continued on page 48)

# UP IN SMOKE, ONE HALF BILLION *a* YEAR

*By Percy F. Garnett*

**I**F HUMANITY had been content to leave things as it found them, men still would be naked savages, few in numbers, and exposed to the usual hazards of nature, such as storms, food shortage, and the attacks of wild beasts. Violent deaths were the rule rather than the exception then. This is the situation today as regards a large part of the animal kingdom; for many thousands of years it must have been the only condition of life known to our early ancestors, who rarely reached old age.

Today we realize that much progress has been made. Violent deaths are now statistically the exception; we are able to protect ourselves from storms; wild beasts are virtually conquered and we have reached a point where we can confidently face the rigors of the Arctic; the race has learned to produce food in quantity and to store it against a time of shortage and, as a practical result, millions now live in some degree of comfort where once they were scattered groups, all engaged in a day-by-day struggle for existence. This is one side of the picture.

But the picture has another side that is less reassuring. We have exchanged the few natural hazards of our early ancestors for a bewildering number of artificial dangers that have grown up with the progress of civilization. Everything today is on a vastly greater scale. Man-made towns are swept by conflagrations springing from man-made causes. Man-made buildings collapse and bury scores. Man-made ships sink at sea and man-made trains crash in collision.

Man's faithful servants—fire, steam, electricity and the processes of chemistry, which he has called forth from the realm of nature—frequently escape their bounds and work havoc.

This New England village church with its traditional white steeple became a tinder box when fire attacked it. A few minutes after the picture was taken the entire structure fell to the ground





**In many city fires great damage is done by an excessive amount of water poured on the flames. But the alternative might well be a conflagration**

No sooner have we seized upon some new facility than we are likely to learn that nature may exact a serious price for its use.

One evidence of this is found in fire losses which, in the United States, increased more than 1,000 percent in the past sixty-five years, while the population increased but 200 percent. A study of fire causes shows that a large part of that loss can be traced to comparatively new devices and processes.

Fire prevention on any important scale is practically of the present century. For ages fire was regarded as a thing to be fought, not prevented, and attention was concentrated upon the training and equipping of fire departments, which, in America, with their constant opportunities for service, became famous for speed, skill and daring. Figuratively speaking, the American fire alarm is never silent. Fifteen hundred fires each day means an average of more than one for every minute, night and day, 365 days in the year. When losses reach a yearly total of more than a half billion dollars in absolute destruction, as has been the case, and when to this is added the distressing loss of thousands of human lives, it can be seen that even the efforts of the best trained and best equipped fire-fighters are not sufficient; it becomes imperative that an effort be made to limit the number of fires—to fight them before they break out.

Such considerations led at last to the inception of a movement that is among the most remarkable of the present generation—the great campaign of fire prevention. Originally promoted chiefly by the fire insurance interests, it soon grew into a nationwide co-operation of individuals and organizations working by many methods, but to a common end, and among these we now

find the firemen of the nation—individually departmentally, and through their local, state and national associations—among the leaders in this movement.

Today in a number of States, building codes are being made increasingly rigorous; standards for electrical and other forms of installation have been worked out in great detail and widely promulgated; manufacturers are finding a growing market for safety appliances and the popular mind is becoming responsive as never before to the thought of protection from fire hazard. This is indicated by the large amount of attention now being devoted to the subject in newspapers and magazines and in meetings of business and civic organizations.

From the foregoing summary it will be seen that fire prevention is a two-fold problem involving both psychological and physical factors. The first of these deals with human ignorance and carelessness, and lies generally outside the province of this story. The second concerns the environment of people, the buildings in which they live and work, the tools they use and the forces they employ. It also is capable of subdivision into two parts, Fire Causes, and Burnable Conditions.

A fire is born, then it tries to grow. There is a world of almost romantic interest hidden under each of these simple statements. Fire is such a living thing; it has such a universal fascination; it is so necessary to our daily lives; yet holds such possibilities of terror and destruction.

Fire possibilities exist on every hand; they are found in the most unheard of and unthought of places. It is natural to associate fire hazard with a box of matches (Continued on page 44)



# The COWARDS

by  
*Roy Dickinson*

Decoration by

THE Industrial Recovery Act puts up to American business the present urgent necessity for sinking personal and selfish ambitions for the good of their industry and the country as a whole.

The amazing fact is that many leading business men are eager to march forward under this totally new concept of losing their own freedom in order to defeat an enemy which threatened for a time to defeat the whole system of civilization upon which their structure had been built.

Thus at this moment in our history, business men face the opportunity of making present sacrifices that may very well save the nation.

The leaders in business who now have the courage to march forward, to pay fair wages, to serve their country, merit the support of men who served in far more dangerous times.

Those others who fail to start now are evaders of national service.

The men who started from their homes at their country's call were a true cross section of the American people. They left their daily tasks by which their livelihood was earned, they gave up all personal and material ambition in order that they might serve their nation.

Descendants of men and women who in the past had the courage to start, they offered an example then to business men now. Each of those who started when his country called becomes

now in his own town, city and farm, a moving force to lead America forward again.

Our race has a proud heritage.

THERE was an old expression down in that part of England from where some people started one day in 1630, who later landed at the end of Long Island: "It isn't life that matters so much. It's the courage you bring to it."

There is an expression along the Tauber Thal in Germany from which a group started for America in 1848 which, when translated means, "The coward sneaks to death, the brave live on."

There is a Russian folk saying, "The brave man chooses. The coward stands back."

In all places and at all times there have developed men of self-reliance, of the courage which made others follow them.

In every little town in almost every country in the world, there were groups of people who felt that they had to go forward. To stay where they were meant starvation, loss of self-respect or death. There was always a leader who stirred them. There were always some brave enough to follow while others held back and were lost. So in those little hamlets and obscure villages of all the world men and women who knew that the greatest sin of the spirit is fear and indecision, started off for a new land.

We in America are the descendants of the people who had the courage to start from far places, to survive the dangers they met on the way. The fearless search for a new opportunity has at all times in the past released unsuspected stores of energy, ambition and the ability to conquer difficulties. It has made the American system we now know and will preserve at all costs.

Now that a new national spiritual leadership has again released that latent energy, the ability and courage in each one of us, let



# Never STARTED

Herbert Morton Stoops

us look back for a moment to consider whence we came and why we are sure to go surging forward to a sounder civilization, a finer integrity of the national spirit.

ASK your neighbor, ask any real American you meet on the street to tell you how his people came here. In almost every case he will draw the same picture. A farmer from a little town in England, a blacksmith in a Dutch village, a rabbi in a Russian town, a man who had fought for the people in the German uprising in the 40's, a family which followed a courageous leader to escape the potato famines in Ireland, a man who believed in the spirit and cause of Garibaldi; one who came from the land of the vikings, from the frozen northland. Another who came from Spain or Portugal because his ideas didn't fit their fixed mold.

In every case we will discover that our welded race is descended from picked people, not afraid to start. Our friends and neighbors are all descendants of men who discovered a leader with the courage to lead, and then had the self reliance, the bravery to follow him.

For every leadership needs and must have good fellowship—always.

These small groups of people who came to our country from all parts of the world decided among themselves that they must start a new life. They were not content to stay where they were and stand the hunger, the privation, the persecution, the binding class distinctions which surrounded them. They were adventurers. They wanted to go on to new things. They had the courage to

face those troubles which they knew of, rather than to stay where they were to starve or sink back into obscurity, satisfied to bring up their children to the same hopeless life they had faced.

From the days of the *Mayflower* down until the last family which landed one generation ago on our shores to start life in this new land, there were always some who never started. They too were prepared to start with the others. They had weighed the dangers of the unknown against the lack of opportunity, the grinding poverty of the place where they had been brought up.

Then out of the many who were going to start only a few set forth on the long adventurous journey. For, The Cowards Never Started.

**"IT IS our privilege to live at a time when the new wagon trains begin their journey across the rivers of doubt and the mountains of selfishness, to the plains beyond, where our destiny lies; an ordered and conscious government of the kind our ancestors conceived when they started from the far places"**

dropped back. They failed somehow to release within themselves that power which lies in every individual, and is released only when he starts forward in a straight line for the object about which he has dreamed.

The man who never starts, never feels that sense of power.

The man who never adventures goes backward to obscurity. He always did and always will. The man who plays always for safety discovers in the end that it is the (Continued on page 56)

★ *The National Commander Says—*

# *We're On the* RIGHT ROAD

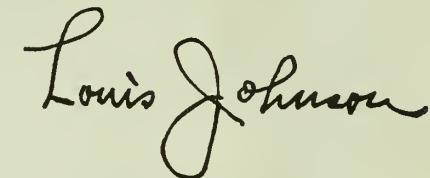
THE American Legion's program for the liberalization of the Economy Act has been partly fulfilled. On June 16th, just before it adjourned, Congress counteracted many of the most destructive provisions of the Economy Act by adding to the Independent Offices Appropriation Bill amendments calling for additional payments of \$96,000,000 to veterans and dependents. It specified directly service connected cases may not be reduced by more than 25 percent from payments being received on March 20, 1933. It temporarily continued the presumptive service connected cases who were scheduled for elimination on July 1, 1933, and decreed that these shall receive 75 percent of their former payments after July 1st, pending examinations by special independent boards before October 31st to determine whether they shall be given service connection. It protected against reduction from their old rates, 47,000 widows, children and dependent parents of World War service men. It increased from \$20 to \$30 a month the pension of the totally disabled man without service connection. It liberalized other provisions of the Economy Act.

WHEN I left my native State of Virginia more than twenty years ago and settled in West Virginia, roads were not so good as they are today, and as I drove far and wide from Clarksburg, my new home, I learned that the man who is driving an automobile in strange territory must exercise the same sort of sense as the pilot of a ship. Getting to the destination is, of course, the main thing. Arriving on time and avoiding trouble are other considerations. In the day when many mountain roads were little more than rocky paths, when any turn might plunge you into a swollen stream or over the edge of a cliff, one always sought to take the best route. When in doubt, particularly at cross roads, one endeavored to rely upon plain old-fashioned horse-sense.

Last March The American Legion came to a forking of the roads. The main highway on which we had been traveling fourteen years suddenly led us into unfamiliar territory, and we came to a dividing place. Our fourteen years had skilled us in keeping to the main road—the road of patriotism, unselfishness and public confidence—and as we paused a moment at this new cross-road common sense indicated which way our course should lie. It was the main road—straight ahead. We kept on. We left behind the sideroad, marked by the signpost of selfishness. Instinct told that although it promised a short cut, it led in reality to defeat and discredit and ended in obscurity. As we drove straight ahead, we saw others eagerly plunging into the road we had refused to take.

The American Legion found itself facing the two roads in March when President Franklin D. Roosevelt destroyed, over the Legion's vigorous opposition, the World War Veterans' Act and set up, with the aid of Congress, the Economy Act.

We viewed the Economy Act with consternation. It seemed to us that it was designed to exact from the disabled World War veteran and his dependents and the dependents of the service



men who had died a contribution to the country's future welfare which was far heavier than any other group of Americans were being asked to make in the nation's economic crisis. Yet, much as we disagreed with the terms of the law, much as we regretted, and disapproved the speed, lack of study of what it meant and the method by which it had been brought into being, we could not ignore the fact that the real test of the law would lie in the provisions by which it was to be administered. If it were carried out in accordance with the broad principles of humanity and fair play, if, true to the professions of its sponsors and the promises made in the halls of Congress to secure its enactment, it imposed no sufferings or hardships upon the men who were disabled from wounds or disease in actual war service, the Economy Act could be made a basis for the country's enduring future policy of dealing with the service man and his dependents.

At any rate, we were facing an accomplished fact. The law had been passed. When it went on the statute books, with the President's signature, on March 20th, it bore the overwhelming approval not only of both Houses of Congress but also of the nation as a whole.

You know the road The American Legion took in March. Hindsight—always better than foresight—leaves no room for argument that it was the right road then, and it is the right road still. We are still on it. Furthermore, it has led us straight toward our destination, the preservation of the rights of the truly disabled service man. We arrived at the outskirts of our desti-

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The Legion had a choice of two roads when the Economy Law was enacted. We passed by the signpost of selfishness, marking the road to discredit, and went straight ahead on the road which led to justice for the disabled and full public confidence

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nation on June 16th when Congress in its final hours restored, with the President's aid and consent, most important rights to the disabled man and his dependents—rights which had been jeopardized by the Economy Act in its original form—rights which had been overlooked in drafting the original regulations.

We took the road of patriotism. We said that The American

## WHILE THE NATION WATCHED

For one week after the time it was expected to adjourn, Congress struggled dramatically with the problem of amending the provisions of the Economy Act, while the whole country awaited its decisions



PUBLISHERS PHOTO SERVICE

Legion is the greatest patriotic body ever assembled and that, though we have "taken it on the chin" in the passage of the Economy Act, Legionnaires are still Americans, we are still patriotic citizens and as such, though not approving the Economy Act, we still support our Government. At the same time, we demanded of the President, as we had a right to ask and expect, that the regulations under the Economy Act be fair and just. We said furthermore that we expected of the President, as we had every right to expect, "compassion and mercy" in dealing with borderline cases under the new law. You will remember my statement given to the whole country on March 16th, following the passage of the Act by Congress and before it had been signed by the President. I said in this:

"The new legislation is fraught with gravest consequences to the disabled veteran. The President, under the authority given

him, has powers of life and death over thousands of men who once gladly offered their lives in a period of national emergency. The Legion has every faith in the discretion, fairness and the justice with which the President will deal with this problem, involving as it does in many instances the need for compassion and mercy."

In my statement, I pledged to the Government the Legion's loyalty and help and placed at the President's disposal our own exact information and very great and unequalled facilities to assist in the preparation of just and proper regulations for carrying out the law. I knew the law would have to be modified—some of its features repealed, and others liberalized—and I felt the Legion could render a patriotic service by assisting in this process.

As I look back, I thank an all-wise Providence that directed the Legion along this first road.

Now, what was the other road? It *(Continued on page 40)*

A WAGON LOAD OF MONEY BOUGHT A WAGON  
LOAD OF PROVISIONS IN THE REVOLUTION, WHEN

# PAPER Made *the MARE* GO *by* Rupert Hughes

**I**NFLATION and paper money have an ugly history and many harsh things are said of them, and with justice. But one thing is usually omitted: Inflation and paper money have never been resorted to except as a rescue from complete collapse following a war or a prolonged panic.

Good money and the gold standard have been praised to the skies, but one thing is usually omitted by the hymners: Every time the gold standard has been abandoned it was because the people had reached such a state of depression and helplessness under the gold standard (if not because of it) that it had to be abandoned. Praising gold to such people is like telling paupers that if they can't get bread they might eat cake.

Many years ago a wrestler called "The Terrible Turk" came to this country and earned what was to him a fortune. He did not trust our paper money or drafts and had his wealth converted into gold, which he carried in a belt. He set out for home on the ship *Bourgogne*. The ship sank and the Turk was cast into the sea. Before a lifeboat could reach him his gold dragged him under. If he had cut the belt he would have been a poor man in an open boat, but he would have been alive. He might have done many foolish things and suffered many hardships, but he would not have been a corpse in the ooze at the bottom of the sea. Gold was his deathbelt.

Many a time a prospector in the desert has died of thirst be-



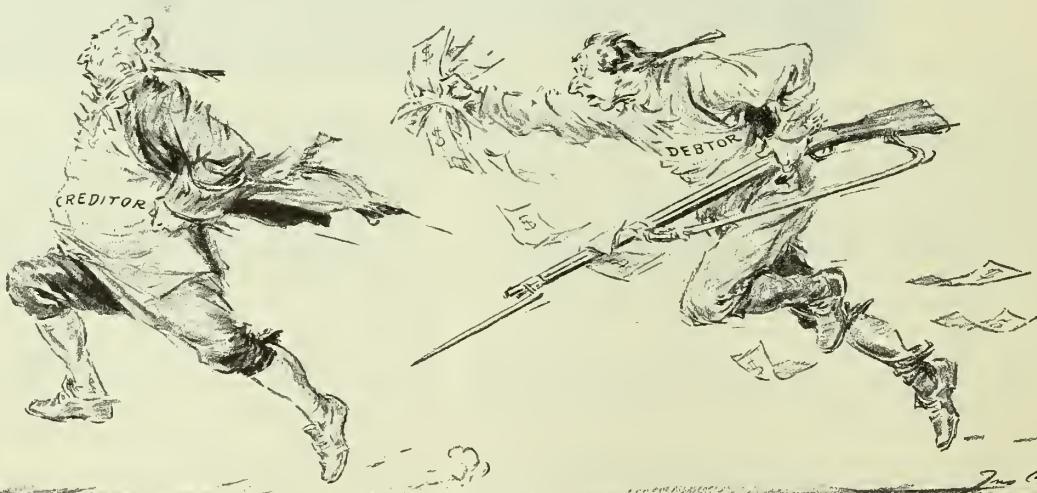
Starving in the midst of plenty—  
of paper money

cause he could not bring himself to abandon his gold before it was too late.

Nations also reach crises in which they are shipwrecked by war or lost in the deserts of peace. Then they must choose between cutting loose from their gold or perishing.

Yet, to hear some of the financiers talk and to read their articles and editorials, it is the religious duty of every nation to stick to gold even though it brings on utter collapse, revolution and anarchy. They fail to remark, as honesty and wisdom should compel them to, that the disasters risked by going off the gold standard are better than the complete death threatened by its maintenance.

Creditors were cornered and forced to sign a receipt in full at the point of a bayonet



And what of those nations that have no gold to cling to?

When our Revolutionary War broke out we had only foreign coins to rely on, since our own people had not at that time any mines worth mentioning, not even much iron. Today we have vast amounts of gold and countless gold mines but they did not save us from prostration. And so, for better or for worse, we have gone off the gold standard, and crossed the Rubicon of paper. Since paper money and soldiers seem to go together, it may interest Legionnaires and those dependent upon them, to read some of the things that happened to money, especially to soldiers' money, in the first of our wars; for these same things will happen to us in the near future if the prophecies of the high priests of gold are true, and unless we heed the warnings that history holds up for us.

Our Revolution looks heroic from here because we are so often told that it was heroic, and because many of the soldiers and statesmen were heroes; but their experiences were rarely heroic to them—except in the sense of the word we use when we speak of taking "heroic" doses of medicine.

There is not much consolation in learning that someone else has suffered even greater neglects and injuries than ourselves, but there is some. It helps a little also to be forewarned of what one may expect if worst comes to worst. Just to show what a bargain the old soldiers today are getting, let us glance at what the forefathers went through, and why.

When the Revolutionary War broke out at Lexington, the patriot farmers chased the British back into Boston so fast that, before the King's troops reached safety, their tongues were literally hanging out and covered with dust.

The Americans expected to chase the British across the sea in the next attack and they could have done it but for a few things: Lack of men, lack of leaders, unity, experience, arms, ammunition, money.

The battle of Bunker Hill taught the Americans perfect self-confidence. They retreated only because their powder gave out. That was a small detail but an important one. Washington had just been chosen Commander-in-Chief at Philadelphia and when he reached Boston the first thing he asked about was the amount of powder on hand. When he was told, he nearly fainted. There was not enough powder in the whole country to have lasted for a week's fighting and if General Gage had boldly advanced from Boston he could have marched across the entire map practically without resistance. But Gage had troubles of his own, and lacked initiative. By the time he was called home the Americans had collected enough ammunition to keep the British in Boston and finally to drive them out to sea. But they came back.

Counting on a short war, the Continental Congress issued paper money to pay for the necessary supplies. The colonies were really thirteen separate nations with thirteen separate armies, and each began to issue its own money to pay its own troops. All these moneys were declared legal tender and a heavy penalty was laid on people who refused it. The tories declined to take it seriously, declined to take it at all. They were promptly jailed, tarred and feathered, exiled, or lynched. Washington declared at first that only a traitor would refuse his country's money at its face value. Later he wondered that anybody had the face to offer it at that value.

As Dr. Rush said, the tory practice of refusing paper money soon "lost its infamy." Penalties did no good. People preferred jail to the money. To add to the confusion, the counterfeitors got busy.

**Cartoons by  
John Cassel**

AUGUST, 1933



Income and outgo at the opposite poles—that is, when pay was forthcoming. Sometimes it was delayed months, and even years

The British helped flood the country with forged bills. With thirteen States and the Congress printing fourteen kinds of money, the land was the counterfeiter's dream of paradise.

In 1775 the Continental money printed amounted to six million dollars, in 1776 to nineteen million, in 1777 to thirteen million, in 1778 to sixty-three million. The nation was a financial madhouse. W. G. Sumner says: "Congress seemed to have adopted, in respect to currency, the recklessness of a hopeless bankrupt. The public had also fallen under the wretched delusions of a period of inflation, and seemed to be rendered savage whenever these delusions were exposed."

Strange to say, nothing renders people so furious as showing them the truth about their delusions. Our delusions are our dearest possessions.

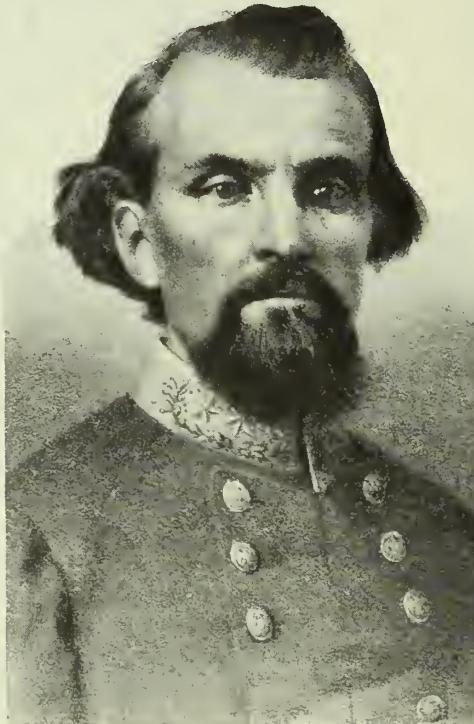
Desperate efforts to enforce acceptance were made. The artillery company of Philadelphia offered to compel it with their cannon. But people feared shot and shell less than they feared those paper pellets. The very convenience and ease of printing money was the secret of its failure. Benjamin Franklin put it in one of his nutshells, when he said that paper money "pays and clothes troops and provides victuals and ammunition, and . . . it pays itself off by depreciation."

It was like soap bubbles. You blew it up; it floated in rosy hues; when you seized it, it went out at a puff; you had nothing in your hand.

Depreciation thus became a tax, a heavy tax of the worst sort. The wise and provident suffered, but they were not fooled. As Sumner says again: "As in all cases of currency abuse, it was the simple, honest, uninstructed people who suffered most." The soldiers suffered most of all, since it did not matter how wise they were; they had to obey orders and take whatever money they were handed and take it when it was handed to them. Which was not often, you may well believe. (Continued on page 52)

# And then came FORREST

by  
Marquis  
James



Nathan Bedford Forrest

**O**N THE night before Christmas of 1865 six young men met in Judge Thomas M. Jones's little brick law office at Pulaski in Middle Tennessee, down near the Alabama line. Calvin Jones had arranged with his father for the use of the office. The young men had important business to discuss and wanted to be by themselves, free from the danger of interruption.

Today a bronze tablet on the little brick building, bearing the names of those who were present, commemorates this meeting. The six young men had had no idea their business was to turn out as important as that.

They were ex-Confederate soldiers, holding a reunion after the manner of soldiers the world over. All of them had been born in or near Pulaski. All but James Crowe of the Fourth Alabama were veterans of Tennessee regiments. Crowe was the senior present, being twenty-six and a major when the war was over. Except for John Kennedy and Dick Reed, late of the Third Tennessee, no two of them had served in the same outfits, however, and as Kennedy had been a captain and Reed an enlisted man, they, too, had different stories to tell of the same events. The six had fought on widely separated fronts—from the Potomac to the Mississippi—so that the sum of their experiences pretty well bracketed the war. They knew the Yank well and though regretting the outcome of the long struggle, on the whole were ready to let bygones be bygones. Kennedy and Reed had been in Joseph E. Johnston's army which laid down its arms to Sherman at Greensboro, North Carolina, on terms even more liberal than those Grant had made to Lee two weeks before.

Middle Tennessee had been scarred by battles, but there was nowise the blight and desolation that had been visited on Georgia, South Carolina and Virginia. The task of rehabilitation, though vexatious enough, was simpler than in most Southern communities. The main problem was to get the Negroes to work, even for pay. To their elementary minds freedom meant freedom from the one thing they had had too much of under the old regime, namely, labor. Planters realized that it would require their best efforts in the spring to keep sufficient hands in the fields to see the crops through, though scores of Negroes were going hungry because of their improvidence the season before. To deal with the petty thieving of homeless bands of blacks and to tide the

*UNDER the Great  
Cavalryman's  
Leadership the First  
Confederate Veteran So-  
ciety Became a Power-  
ful Organization*

deserving ones over a lean winter was the immediate concern of the white population of Pulaski, and of the South generally.

It was a problem that concerned the six young men who gathered at Judge Jones's law office on Christmas Eve—though not on this particular evening. They were taking a night off from responsibility, to forget their troubles for a while and to form a secret society for the purpose of having some fun. That it should be a secret society is not significant. This was an age of secret societies. Northern veterans, with more time on their hands for such things, al-

ready had organized a hundred or more of them.

A name for the new society that should be in keeping with its mystic character seemed all-important. Kennedy suggested "Kuklos," the Greek for circle or band—it has come down in English as "cycle." The proposal was duly considered, but most of the young men, having been at war when otherwise they might have been conning Greek, pronounced it "Kuklux." Various combinations with other mysterious-sounding syllables were tried, and at length John Lester said, "Ku Klux Klan." This seemed sufficiently enigmatic and was adopted.

The next step was to attract members from among the socially desirable. Nothing was said about restricting membership to Confederate veterans. Nothing needed to be said. Any man of fighting age who had not been in the Confederate army was not socially desirable in Giles County, Tennessee, in 1865. One night half a dozen horsemen appeared on the streets of Pulaski. Each wore a white mask and robe, and the horses were similarly disguised. They visited the homes of the families and sweethearts of the original six Klansmen, did some monkeyshines on the main street, and without speaking a word galloped into the country and vanished. Townspeople were amused and speculated in a humorous way as to the identities of the masqueraders. Negroes were more deeply impressed. Some of them declared that they had seen ghosts.

Next day the original six sauntered about town, and in the presence of a desirable recruit one of them would remark with well-feigned nonchalance, "I think I'll join this Ku Klux Klan." What was the Ku Klux Klan? "You haven't heard? Well, con-



**President Lincoln welcomed to Richmond, on April 4, 1865, a few hours after Lee's forces had evacuated the capital of the Confederacy. From the Harry MacNeill Bland Lincoln Collection**

fidentially, it's that very secret society which sent some of its men into Pulaski last night."

The subtle approach was altogether successful. Before three weeks had elapsed about half of the desirable young men in the county had asked the original six to get them into the mysterious fellowship. And a good many asked who were not rated as desirable. The original six were of the élite of Giles County, and they raised the bars pretty high.

The first initiation of new members took place during the dark of the moon at "the Den," which was the regular meeting place of the Klan, in the cellar of the big Carter house, on Carter Hill, near town. The house had been wrecked during the war by a cyclone. At the edge of town applicants were met by hooded figures, blindfolded and led by a circuitous route up Carter Hill. If a candidate was acceptable he was put through a fantastic and none-too-gentle initiation and finally commanded to kneel before the "royal altar" that his head might be adorned with the "regal crown." The regal crown consisted of a comical hat tricked out with donkey ears. The bandage was then removed and the new Klansman found himself gazing at his image in a mirror. Positively undesirable applicants were placed in a barrel and rolled down the hill. The mildly undesirable were led into a woods and told to sit on a log and wait.

The experiment was voted a roaring success and other initiations followed, interspersed with a night parade or two to advertise and let off steam. The officers of the Klan were the Grand Cyclops, Grand Magi, Grand Turk, Grand Scribe, Lictors and Night Hawks. Lictors were outer guards of the Den, and were stationed as pickets about the foot of the hill during meetings. Night Hawks were couriers who carried messages, investigated the records of candidates for admission, and so on. The members were called Ghouls. The Grand Cyclops was Frank McCord, the only one of the six originators who had served through the war as a private. Of course, the first thing a Ghoul found out was that the Klan was not the widespread fraternity he had supposed it to be. But this was merely one of the secrets of the order, and a good joke besides. One night during a session a Lictor was stationed on a road at the bottom of the hill when a parcel of Negroes came shuffling along. Though Klansmen in regalia were enjoined against speaking this Lictor felt that the dignity of his position called for some remark. He stood perfectly motionless until the Negroes got abreast of him. Then he slowly intoned in an unnatural voice, "I am the spirit of a Confederate soldier killed at Chickamauga." The darkies did not tarry for further palaver.

The Lictor had made a useful discovery. The Southern Negro of today is far from a skeptic, but his (*Continued on page 58*)

# SECOND DIAMOND

*by*

*Samuel Scoville, Jr.*

*Illustrations by  
Remington Schuyler*

**F**RENCHMAN'S BAY was all rippled gold beneath the setting sun as I stood on the Medway shore and saw the triple peaks of Mount Desert Island tower up out of the sea, masses of crystalline blue with strange lilac overtones. Suddenly I remembered that Mrs. Reeve, my landlady, was to have fish chowder for supper that night and I turned my back on the bay and started towards the inn, for Mrs. Reeve's chowders are famous all up and down the Maine coast.

On the way I passed the house of Aunt Nabbie, who is one of the landmarks of Medway Harbor. Well past four-score and ten, her wiry little body is still as straight as a tree and she knows all of the news of the town, past and present. It was Aunt Nabbie who told me the story of the whale's rib, which used to stand as a hitching-post down by the stone store at East Medway. She knew who set it up, who stole it and what happened to the thief. She knew why Lige Grant lived as a hermit in his little cabin over on Fish Point; why Watson Pharo's wife refused to speak to him for thirty years and what it was that she wrote on the card which she handed to him when he lay a-dying. Moreover, she has assisted at more weddings, births and funerals than any two ministers or doctors in all of the Medways, East, West and North.

As usual, she was sitting on her little porch smoking a short, black, clay pipe.

"Aunt Nabbie," I warned her, "if you don't stop smoking, you'll stunt your growth."

Her deep blue eyes twinkled.

"Son," she said, "the good Lord did that for me fifty years afore you were born. You better hurry on. This is chowder night an' Marm Reeve won't like it ef you stand round talkin' to gals an' get late to dinner again."

"You know everything, Aunt Nabbie," I admitted. "Where can I catch a good, landlocked salmon?"

"Second Diamond Pond," she snapped back instantly. "You make up to ol' Cap'n Garvey. He's the onliest one now who knows the way to Second Diamond."

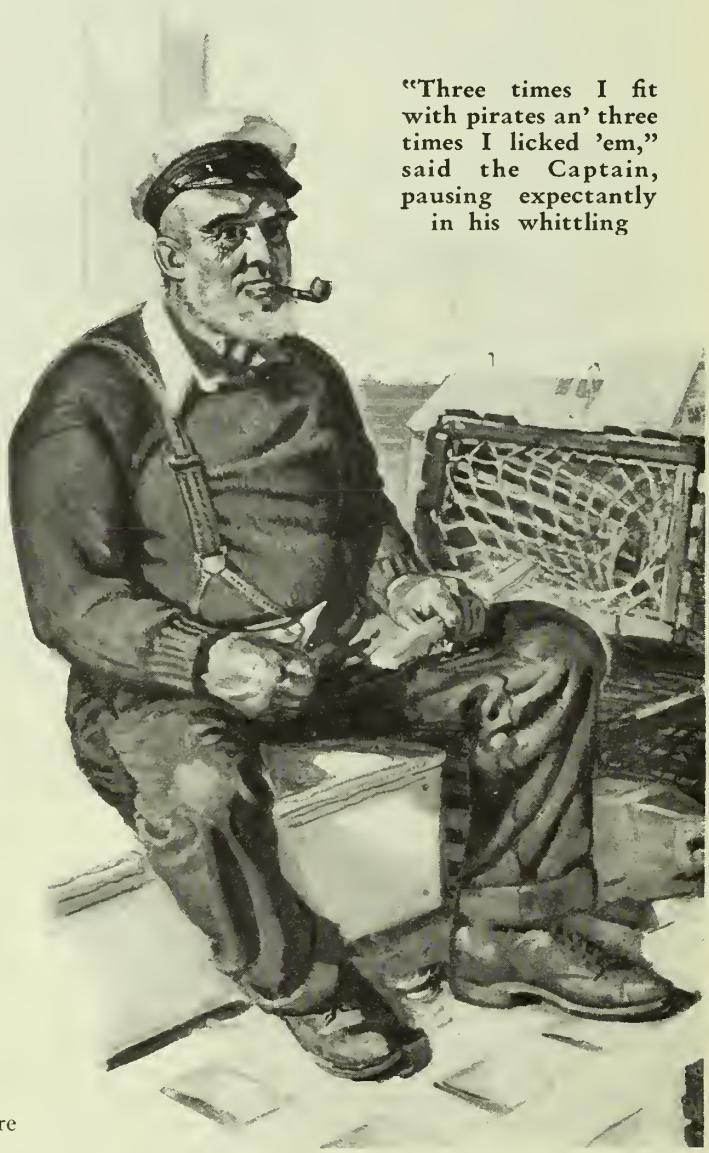
That evening after a third helping of chowder, a couple of pieces of spiced cranberry pie, a wedge of green sage-cheese and a big cup of delicious coffee, I sat back and regarded Mrs. Reeve enthusiastically.

"You certain do eat hearty," she murmured, pretending to be unconscious of my admiration.

"Where can I meet Captain Garvey?" I demanded.

"If you'll go to church Sunday, 'stead of traipsin' round in the

"Three times I fit with pirates an' three times I licked 'em," said the Captain, pausing expectantly in his whittling



woods, you'll see him," she informed me severely. "He passes the plate."

The following Sabbath found me sitting beside Mrs. Reeve in the little Medway church. The sermon was a long one. Right in the middle of it, a gentleman with a brown, walrus mustache, some three pews in front of us, stretched his arms slowly up over his head.

"Ho-hum," he soliloquized, "I wisht I was ter home in bed."

I looked furtively about, expecting to see a tithing-man arise and remove that blasphemer or at least that the minister would

# Here's a Story of a Camping Trip amid Still Unspoiled Forests and Lakes That Will Help You Forget the Heat



make a public example of him from the pulpit. Nothing of the kind occurred. All of the congregation, whom I could see without turning my head, kept their impassive Sunday look and the minister went placidly on reading his sermon, which I suspect was of the vintage of the nineties.

"Who's that?" I whispered to Mrs. Reeve.

"That's Herby Dodd," she answered without moving her lips. "He's allers talkin' to himself."

Still the sermon droned on and on. Then suddenly from a side-pew another member of the congregation, with reddish-gray

whiskers and a swivel eye, made a curious hissing noise, "Chu, chu, chu," which he repeated at unexpected intervals. I only dared to glance inquiringly at my companion.

"Cap'n Garvey," came from her motionless lips. Afterwards I learned the story of his disconcerting habit. It all started with a balky motor-boat. The Captain would whirl the wheel to start it, at the same time imitating the noise of the engine. Finally he got to making the sound unconsciously.

The service came to an end at last and outside of the church Mrs. Reeve introduced me to the Captain, who received me like a whistling buoy.

"Second Diamond, chu, chu, chu," he said, in answer to my inquiry. "There ain't many nowadays who knows the way to that pond an' them that do ain't tellin'."

It was Mrs. Reeve who at dinner that day suggested a better approach to the subject.

"Drop around by the Cap'n's place when you're through eatin'—if you're able to walk," she said, placing another platter of steamed clams in front of me, flanked by a chicken-pie. "Let him tell you about what he done to the pirates in Chiny. Likely if you listen patient you'll find the way to Second Diamond."

I took this diplomatic advice and late that afternoon strolled around the head of the bay until I came to Captain Garvey's house, opposite the stone store, a building made entirely of great slabs of granite. The Captain himself was sitting on his top-step, leaning against a porch post. To my remark about the weather he made no reply, whereupon I tried Mrs. Reeve's opening.

"They tell me, Captain," I ventured, "that you once had quite a brush with pirates in the China Seas."

It was evidently the right gambit, for the old man shifted his pipe and like the Ancient Mariner, fixed me with his swivel eye.

"Three times I fit with pirates, an' three times I licked 'em," he began, pausing expectantly in his whittling. So for two hours and ten minutes I heard the story of his battles. The fact that I remembered reading the same stories as a boy in the "Pirates' Own Book" did not detract from the Captain's telling of them. When he finished and I got up to go, we were fast friends.

"Most of the furriners who come to Medway ain't got no sense, but you're different," he confided to me. "Come an' set awhile whenever you're down this way."

"I suppose you're the only man in Medway who knows the way to the Second Diamond," I ventured.

THE Captain regarded me benignly.

"I be," he said decisively, "an' I'm goin' to tell you," which he proceeded to do at great length.

"Now go to it," he ended at last. "The Second Diamond's sightlier than Lost Lake. It's better'n Lonely Lake an' it's the fishingest pond in the State o' Maine."

The next morning I got off early accompanied by one of Mrs. Reeve's celebrated lunches. Before I left I read the Medway *times*. It's only a small double-sheet paper but always it contains some item of local news which makes the day for me. This morning it was an advertisement:

"As my husband, Sam Bailey, has left my bed and board I will no longer be responsible for his maintenance and support.

"Margaret D. Bailey."

Mrs. Reeve saw nothing funny in the notice.

"That's Marge Dunbar again," was her comment. "She's a wild one. About two years ago she 'lowed she was goin' to settle down an' get married an' stop havin' babies, so she took up with Sam Bailey. Now he's left her—an' she's gettin' back at him for goin'."

By mid-morning I had reached the shore of Long Pond, my first stopping-place on the route given me by the Captain, one of

those little glacier lakes of which so many are scattered among the Maine hills. Leaving my car there and storing my luncheon away in a pocket of my shooting-jacket, I started on my search for the Second Diamond.

There are some days which shine out through the drifting years and I shall always remember that day of the Diamond.

My adventures began immediately, for as I followed the beach westward, I suddenly saw among the pebbles at my feet a scraper with a curved edge, beveled out of a bit of soapstone, which had prepared skins in some lodge of a forgotten Indian tribe.

Farther on, I heard over my head the "zee, zee, zee, zip," of a parula, that smallest of our warblers, and caught a glimpse of his white wing-bars, gray-blue head and the copper-colored blotch across his breast. In the tree where he sang was a mass of gray usnea moss and I climbed up to it. Sure enough, as I had suspected, hollowed in the moss, with no lining whatever, was the parula's nest with five white eggs wreathed with red. The finding of a rare nest has all the thrill of coming upon hidden treasure and I gloated over that one for a long time before I climbed down and started again on my way, leaving the little warbler still singing above his home.

Half a mile farther along the beach I came to a little brook and followed it for a mile through the woods until I reached a big beech on its bank. Behind this tree a faint trail showed, almost overgrown with brush, and I followed its tricky windings for miles, bearing always to the east, whenever the trail forked, in accordance with Captain Garvey's instructions.

At last the path ran down hill and I saw, gleaming through the trees, a little diamond-shaped lake, the First Diamond. It did not seem possible that any lake could be lovelier but I did not even stop to examine it, but located the stand of hemlock trees near its north bank where the Captain had told me was the beginning of the path to Second Diamond. I claim that the finding and



He suddenly broke water with that flying flamboyant arch of silver that only a leaping salmon can give, one of the most beautiful sights in the world

following of that last trail would have taxed the woodcraft of a Chingachguch or a Mowgli. However that may be, I was lost twice and had to go back but at last managed to puzzle out a path even more difficult than the one along which I had come. It led me at last to the shore of the Second Diamond, the loneliest and most exquisite of all of our Maine lakes. It was smaller by a third than the First Diamond and far more symmetrical in shape. Not far from the shore was a little rocky island, guarded by a white pine and between the island and the shore a loon with one chick swam towards me. Even as I looked out over the clear water, shadowed now and then by some drifting cloud, there was a ripple and a swirl and not thirty feet from the shore a great fish rose to a fly.

I followed the shore around and came to a cliff some fifty feet high. Between it and the lake was a stretch of flat, moss-covered rock above which towered a great pine, while far out into the lake ran the trunk of another tree, covered with moss, with rows of pitcher-plants along either side, with their curved, hollow leaves filled with water. Beyond the flat rock among the cranberry vines in the sand, half-overshadowed by the malachite leaves of a blueberry bush I came upon a fairy flower with a stem some ten inches long, and curved rose-purple petals over a lambent lip of gold and crimson-lake. It was my first sight of that woodland nymph, Arethusa, one of the most beautiful of all of our native orchids.

A few rods farther on and I came upon a perfect blaze of them, ninety-seven in all. Each one had the same strange, sentient look as of some alert, exquisite creature surprised in her hiding-place and ready to flash away if frightened.

I have met many of our orchids, those strange flowers fashioned of fire and mist and dew. Pink lady-slippers, like great jacINTHS; whippoorwill-shoes made of pale gold; ice-white ladies'-tresses; swamp-pinks like rose-red butterflies, and scores of others. Arethusa was the loveliest of them (Continued on page 38)

# WHY A MARINE CORPS RESERVE?

*By Donald T. Winder*

ON APRIL 6, 1917, the Marine Corps had 14,700 men; on November 11, 1918, it had 75,000 men. Thanks to our Allies we had time to recruit and train these new men. In a thirty-years war you can depend upon unborn men for future reserves. Then again it may happen that you can rely only upon reserves in being and already trained.

The service record of the members of the few State Militia Marine companies and former Marines as emergency Marine Reservists during 1917-1918, was so commendable that Congress in 1925 created the United States Marine Corps Reserve by inserting a single paragraph in the Naval Reserve Act. For the next five years the growth of the Marine Reserve force was slow and gradual. As Congress would authorize additional companies, they were established. This gave the Reservists intensive training with the idea in view that not more than thirty days would elapse between the declaration of war and the time when the Reservists would have to follow the Regular Corps into the field of action. Then in 1930 headquarters was able to expand the size of the Marine Reserve without increasing appropriations, by removing the weekly drill pay and reducing the length of time for summer training camp by several days. Furthermore the troops were not transported from



Leatherneck reservists getting the feel of a machine gun to supplement the rest of their training on land and sea. Within twenty-four hours, on the President's orders, the Reservists can be on the way to the seat of trouble anywhere in the world

their home base to Quantico, Virginia, thus saving a considerable sum in transportation charges. The effect of this changed policy increased the size of the Marine Corps Reserve from less than 1000 enlisted men to over 3500. Also the effectiveness of the Reserve was changed because the less intensive training the larger number of Reservists received, increased the period calculated as necessary for intensive training prior to taking the field.

No board of strategy can determine the best policy for conducting a reserve force of any arm of the service until the contemplated emergency becomes specific instead of general. In other words, it is necessary to guess who the enemy would be and all the circumstances connected with their military forces before deciding whether a highly trained immediately available reserve force is a necessity or not.

It is necessary to explain the "why" of the regular Marine in order to justify the "why" of the Marine Reserve. A Marine tells you that the legendary tradition of the Marines being the "First to Fight" is literally true. As the Navy is the first line of defense, the Marine Corps is the spearhead protecting out in front of this first line of defense.

The Marine Corps is so constituted and the war plans for national defense so depend upon it, that the corps becomes the first force to be thrown into combat. The (Continued on page 46)

# The KNOWN & UNKNOWN

by

Harry W. Peeples

Illustrations

by

Forrest C. Crooks

OUR post of The American Legion was preparing a permanent record of the county's activities in the late war. Old papers and records were checked and on one of the records the name of Robert McNeil Woodward, Jr.—lost in action—was down near the bottom of the alphabetically arranged list. None of us remembered him but after much search and inquiry we located from the Court House records the names of Robert McNeil Woodward, aged seventy-three, and his wife Anne, aged sixty-three. They lived, according to the record, twelve miles from town on the old Clyattville road—a road little used now since traffic had been almost entirely diverted to the new paved highway, leaving the few families in this thinly populated section isolated.

A fellow committeeman and I drove out to the Woodward place on a hot afternoon in late June. We located the place by the mail box—a rusty tin affair on which the name of R. M. Woodward was scarcely visible.

We parked our car in a clump of shade and my companion decided to remain outside and smoke while I went in for information.

There was a peaceful air about the old place. The house, sitting far back from the road, rested, like an old man rests, tired and listless, between two giant oak trees whose massive branches interlocked above the moist, crumbling roof in a canopy of protecting green. A straight gravel path led up to the small piazza and was flanked on both sides by dwarf, oval-shaped cedars.

The whole place . . . house, barns and fences . . . was in a sad state of dilapidation, but the neatly arranged flower beds were free of weeds and in a vigorous state of healthy cultivation. The bannister rail was one continuous box of thickly massed ferns, dark green and with sweeping fronds almost touching the ground; here and there were geraniums red and flowering. As I neared the rickety steps the odor of honeysuckle came to me in waves of sweetness, and I noticed the chimney side of the house was covered with honeysuckle vine, the buzz of honey-seeking insects accenting an unbroken musical silence.

I had to knock loudly on the door several times before an old man opened the door; his hair and his drooping mustache were white above and below his inquiring, watery blue eyes.

"Is this Mister Woodward?" I asked.

He cupped one of his hands back of an ear. "I can't hear very well."

I leaned closer and spoke louder: "Are you Mister Woodward?"

"Come in the parlor and have a seat." His blank expression indicated he hadn't understood. He ushered me into the first room on the right. A musty red carpet covered the floor, several rigid chairs stood about at regular intervals and a morose sofa of the same general pattern cut off one angle of the square room,



I leaned closer and spoke louder: "Are you Mr. Woodward?"



"These are Bobby's letters written from France," she explained. "That's how I knew so much about you"

partially hiding a large piece of broken plastering. In the center stood a marble-topped table on which rested a plush-back family album and a huge tome marked, in gilded letters, *The Holy Bible*. On the middle of the oblong mantel a wooden clock that did not tick stood under a profile picture of Grover Cleveland in a black frame.

I sat down warily in one of the uncomfortable chairs.

"Wait just a minute," the old man said, "and I'll call Anne." He hobbled out and I heard him call in a loud squeaky voice, "Anne... Anne... Come on in. There's someone here to see us."

In a moment brisk steps and a laugh sounded in the hall, then a loud whisper, "Who is it, Papa?"

I looked around and she stood in the doorway. Her face was flushed and she was wiping her hands on a checked apron. She smiled and brushed a few strands of gray, curly hair back from her moist forehead. "You must pardon me," she said, "I was out in the garden transplanting some radishes. I didn't know you were here till Robert called." She extended her hand. Somehow the room seemed to freshen up, the faded colors became more vivid. Some personalities are like that, you know.

"Robert shouldn't have brought you in here." She smiled and drew up a chair close to mine. Her eyes were large and brown and very young. They were the eyes of a girl in the face of age.

The old man came in and took a chair opposite.

I felt ill at ease and talked rapidly. "I'm on a committee from The American Legion. We have the name of Robert McNeil Woodward, Jr., who enlisted from this county in 1917."

I started to say more but caught myself sharply, for the smile on her face froze. It was a thing of the muscles only, not only

without life but, suddenly, without color. The old man evidently noticed the transformation. He scraped his feet on the floor, coughed and bent forward in his chair gazing at his wife eagerly, expectantly.

For a moment she sat rigid. Then with the slowness of returning sap, the blood crept back into her. She inhaled a deep breath and released it slowly. She spoke to her husband; her lips moving but no sound coming from them.

When she turned to me her eyes were young again. "I was just explaining to Robert—you see Robert is deaf—he understands by reading my lips." She bit her lower lip. "Tell me about Bobby," she said simply. "It's nearly thirteen years, now, and we haven't heard anything."

"I... I... I'm sorry," I stammered. "I was only investigating."

"I understand." She said it quickly. "I know what must have happened, but not knowing anything definite, Papa and I couldn't help hoping."

MONTHS elapsed during which I made several visits out to the Woodward place. Eventually, after much correspondence, Washington sent the information that one Robert McNeil Woodward, Jr., had been reported lost in action during the Meuse-Argonne and there was no other information available. After much work The American Legion was instrumental in procuring fifty dollars a month on Robert McNeil Woodward, Jr.'s., insurance policy.

A year later the old man died. I attended the funeral and later tried to prevail on the old lady to move (*Continued on page 54*)

# Up for CITIZENSHIP

Alien-Born Applicants Must Be Ready to Take Up Arms in Defense of the Nation, Both the Law and Common Sense Hold

By Frank A. Mathews, Jr.

HERE is a popular belief that illiteracy is the most dangerous enemy of good citizenship. That it is an enemy there can be no doubt. Whether it be the most dangerous is at least debatable, while that it is not the only enemy is certain. Experience has shown that good citizenship is not a necessary adjunct to education and that the individual of unpatriotic tendencies fortified by education is a far more powerful menace to organized government than the illiterate, especially when the former is not consciously seeking to be unpatriotic.

At the last session of Congress, Representative Griffin introduced a bill. There was nothing startling or interesting in this fact alone. Just an old American custom. Besides, the same gentleman had introduced the same bill before. The purpose of the bill is to nullify the effect of a certain decision of the United States Supreme Court.

Some time ago, Dr. Douglas Clyde MacIntosh, a Canadian, filed a petition to be admitted as a citizen of this country. He was a minister of the Gospel, had been a chaplain in the Canadian Expeditionary Forces during the World War, was a professor at Yale Divinity School, chaplain of the Graduate School and Dwight Professor of Theology.

Following is an extract from the official record of the case:

"June 10th, 1929, he was given a preliminary hearing before a naturalization examiner, at which time he submitted a memorandum explaining at length answers to questions which appeared in the preliminary form for the petition for naturalization. Question 22 was: 'If necessary are you willing to take up arms in defense of this country?'

"To which he answered, 'Yes, but I should want to be free to judge as to the necessity.'

"In his memorandum the petitioner referred to Questions 19, 20 and 22, and said:

"'20 and 22. I am willing to do what I judge to be in the best

interests of my country, but only insofar as I can believe that this is not going to be against the best interests of humanity in the long run. I do not undertake to support 'my country, right or wrong' in any dispute that may arise, and I am not willing to promise beforehand, and without knowing the cause for which my country may go to war, either that I will or that I will not 'take up arms in defense of this country,' however 'necessary' the war may seem to be to the government of the day.'

The judge said that he was not attached to the principles of the Constitution of the United States and refused his petition. Immediately a storm of protest arose against this decision, which deprived our country from obtaining a citizen of the admitted intellectual, moral and spiritual attainments of Dr. MacIntosh. Citizens of prominence, editors and clergymen attacked it in no uncertain terms.

The applicant for citizenship appealed to the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, which promptly and unanimously reversed the court below, saying in part: "This appellant, from his



The American Legion throughout the nation has organized classes to prepare men and women of foreign birth for the responsibilities of citizenship

answer, indicates an upright sense of obligation to his God, and has carefully explained his willingness to be a citizen of the United States, assuming the responsibilities and obligations of its form of government, and at the same time he has a high regard for his general duty to humanity. He wishes to keep pure his religious scruples. . . . Appellant's application for citizenship should have been granted."



**When the applicants are admitted to citizenship the Legion and co-operating organizations make the occasion one of patriotic significance**

The government authorities carried the case to the United States Supreme Court, which, by a five-to-four vote, reversed the Circuit Court of Appeals, finally denying Dr. MacIntosh citizenship in this country.

This, perchance, ended the litigation, but it settled the question just about as much as the Eighteenth Amendment settled the liquor question.

Now it is certainly fundamental that whatever applies to an alien who becomes a citizen applies equally to a native-born citizen, and likewise what applies to any one citizen applies equally to every other citizen.

It seemed to be assumed by everybody, including the courts, that Dr. MacIntosh's qualifications to his answers were based on religious convictions. So let us take the definition of religion from the dissenting opinion in this very case (although the quotation used is from another case):

"The term religion has reference to one's views of his relationship to his Creator, and to the obligations they impose of reverence for His being and character and of obedience to His will."

It is then obvious that there must be as many religions as there are individuals who hold any religious beliefs at all, and that if one citizen is to be excused from the performance of a duty on this ground every citizen may be excused for the same reason. It is also further apparent that if any incoming citizen must take a blanket oath to bear arms in the defense of this country, and is expected to live up to it, the same is expected of a native-born citizen, and each apparently will have to accept a

restriction upon his religious liberty, insofar as the carrying out of that oath conflicts with his individual religious convictions.

Both these propositions cannot exist at the same time. There is something wrong with one or the other.

We have taken such childish pride in a belief of abstract and perfect religious freedom under our Constitution that it hurts too much to admit the truth. The religious objectors, like Dr. MacIntosh and his defenders, want absolute religious liberty—unadulterated, unexpurgated and undiluted. They take their religious liberty straight, and say that is the way the Constitution serves it. The wish may be father to the thought.

The refusal to recognize the plain fallacy of this idea has led us into grave difficulties in the handling of "conscientious objectors" in the past, and, if persisted in, will lead us into still graver ones in the future.

We want to avoid slipping into the technical legal mire of this question, but it is interesting to even the layman to know that the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, who wrote the dissenting opinion, rejected the "upright sense of obligation to his God" theory so grandly and unanimously asserted by the Circuit Court of Appeals, and put his opinion on the ground that Congress by a continued policy of exempting conscientious objectors from military service thereby impliedly did not render it necessary for an incoming citizen to take an unqualified oath to shoot somebody.

The trouble is that however sound or unsound, fair or unfair, such a policy may be, it is not a question of whether Congress temporarily sees fit to exempt from the (Continued on page 46)

**THE thing that every right-minded citizen is vitally interested in is that if the terrible calamity of war should . . . befall our country, we may be assured of the unified, equal, full, unequivocal and whole-hearted service of every citizen in whatever task the Government assigns him"**

# LET'S GO, CHICAGO!

Bring the Whole Post, Bring the Whole Family—  
That's the Good Word on the National Convention



Unless you come by magic carpet, airplane or automobile, you will probably land on this doorstep of Chicago—the pillared entrance to the Union Station

**A**NY bugler desiring a good town in which to practice without chance of interruption is hereby advised to try Alexandria, Indiana, between October 2d and 5th. He will be able to take his post on the main stem of that northern Indiana town of 5,000 persons and blow successively everything from Reveille to Retreat without getting a rise from a single World War veteran. Presumably, there are in Alexandria today any number of former doughboys who once took vows to slaughter a

bugler on sight, but they won't be home between October 2d and 5th. Nor will their more peaceable comrades. One and all, they will be in Chicago during those four days of October—175 of them—all the members of Alexander Bright Post of The American Legion. For Alexander Bright Post is taking every member to the Legion's national convention in Chicago, and it is paying for the trip out of the post treasury.

The chances are there will be a lot of other towns in Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota which will be safe for buglers during the convention period, because advance hotel reservations indicate that post after post is going to the convention on special trains, buses or in processions of automobiles. We single out Alexander Bright Post for special mention because it started planning its 100 percent trip last winter and put on a special membership campaign to make sure that it would have a full enrolment to take with it to Chicago.

You may expect to see the boys from Alexandria. In fact, you can't help seeing them if you watch the biggest Legion national convention parade ever held. They will be in that parade wearing white coveralls and carrying wooden sledges and escorting a half dozen floats, the idea being to let the world know that Alexandria is the home of "Rock Wool."

Legionnaire Kenneth J. Sullivan, publisher of the *Daily News*, sends word that the post has made its convention plans after solving in extraordinary fashion the problems which the depression has brought to most of us. With \$4,000 in a building and loan association drawing interest, with dues in hand from 100 members who paid up early in the year, it was able to see its way clear to finance the post pilgrimage to Chicago. So it announced that as soon as the outfit's membership had risen to 175, the trip would be a certainty.

The membership campaign was novel. Every member who paid up before January 1st was made a buck private in the rear rank. Then he was given a promotion for every member he signed up, with a chance to rank as commander-in-chief if he personally enrolled fifteen. By getting that rank, he rates \$10 for convention spending money. Those who have risen to the rank of colonel get a bonus of \$5. At post meetings everybody is addressed by his contest military title, and colonels are now thicker in Alexandria than in Kentucky. A bulletin board shows the rank of every member, and early in the contest it bore the names of eligibles still to be enroled.

We have said a lot about convention plans in the Monthly and we doubt if there is anywhere anybody who doesn't know by this time all that A Century of Progress will offer to the conventionnaires in addition to



the usual convention attractions. The World's Fair, of course, is thrown in for good measure, and it supplies the best reason in the world for taking along to Chicago the whole family.

The World's Fair is a \$25,000,000 show and it will be talked of in the United States for years to come, just as the World's Fair of 1893 affected profoundly the thought of a whole generation. The architecture of A Century of Progress probably marks the beginning of an architectural transformation of the country. Not that right away builders will start making over all American cities, but rather that henceforth architects will strive for the new simplicity of plane surfaces, the advantages to be gained from fabricated aluminum and pressed steel, the beauties attainable by Neon lighting. This World's Fair will be the architectural inspiration; no one can tell what will proceed from it. The talk today is of homes made of metals fabricated at the mills. Door frames, the doors themselves, baseboards and large ornamental units can be pressed out in mills and plants. Chicago will show the possibilities. You may be profiting when you build a house several years from now. Similarly, with manufacturing and merchandising, business of all sorts—the tremendous progress evident in the World's Fair will influence developments in every town and city. Nobody who sees the World's Fair can escape the influence of its ideas.

Children will be entranced by the fairyland of colored lights, by the airplanes of all types, the World's finest railroad trains, such novel things as the 12-foot robot, the mechanical man. A day in the Hall of Science will be worth several years in school laboratories. Then, there is the Enchanted Island: Five acres of playland, with the Magic Mountain, the Cave of Mystery, the Marble House. Attendants are garbed to represent characters

**Found only on the World's Fair grounds, this 45-foot bus which carries 90 passengers will be popular as a step saver the day after the Legion's convention parade**

Honest, Buck—I  
only ast you if  
you wanted to  
play "rummy"!

O.K.!!—but it  
sounded dif'runt  
I'm tellin' ya!"



out of Mother Goose and fairy tales. Children may be "checked" and left to play while Mr. and Mrs. Conventionnaire are visiting other attractions.

Two months from now the Legion will be occupying Chicago. Each downtown hotel will be taking on the character and flavor of one or more States as its Legionnaire and Auxiliare guests begin filling its lobbies. The arriving drum corps and bands will be parading through the streets from the railway stations. By nightfall of Monday, the first day, Chicago will have the gayety of Paris, and Michigan Boulevard will be Main Street for all America. Down that boulevard on Tuesday day the Legion hosts will parade, marching

for eleven or twelve hours to the never-ending music of five hundred drum and bugle corps and more than a hundred bands. At Soldier Field 150,000 persons will review the parade along with National Commander Johnson and the Legion's distinguished guests.

Ohio alone is planning to send six special trains to Chicago, each starting from a different point in the State, to supplement the hosts of other Ohioans who will drive to Chicago in automobiles. In Illinois and the States that rub borders with her the movement to Chicago on October 2d will take on the proportions of a general pilgrimage, with every railroad spaced with special trains, every main highway jammed with unending lines of motor cars—the greatest one-day migration of Americans in the country's history. And it is only two months away, as you read this.

### Trees for a Town

**G**REENER each year grows Montrose, California, with the San Gabriel Mountains behind it and metropolitan Los Angeles as its seaward neighbor. Greener, because Verdugo Hills Post of The American Legion is helping nature by acting as nursemaid and valet the year round to thousands of pine tree seedlings. Legionnaire Scofield Kappel wonders whether his isn't the only post to conduct a community pine tree nursery.





"Each year we grow from seed approximately 3,000 trees," writes Mr. Kappel. "A Legionnaire obtains the seed from the mountains of California each season. The trees are grown in the nursery until they are two years old, when they are placed in pots and distributed free to property owners of this mountain community. Last year we set out 750 trees on the twenty-acre site of the town's high school. Other trees have been placed along streets."

### Year After Year

SEVERAL years ago this

Walter Winchell the fact that Hammond Post of Kingsport, Tennessee, honors each successive blessed event (male) among its members by planting a German cannon in the proud father's front yard, where it remains until a son is born to some other Legionnaire. Now comes Charles S. Robinson of Fairmount (West Virginia) Post who reports that the stork has the custom of stalking each new post commander of his outfit.

"Homer C. (Sandy) Toothman started it off way back about 1922," writes Mr. Robinson, "and if it hasn't reached the dignity of a custom, at least it has attained all the characteristics of a habit. Byron Rimbley Toothman came into this world of depressions and inflations about the time Sandy was made post commander. Since that time the duty, pleasure and expense of becoming a father has been almost obligatory upon every man so honored by the post."

The stork chuckles every time Fairmount (West Virginia) Post elects a new Post Commander. In the past birth returns have quickly followed election returns. Here are sons and daughters born to Post Commanders while they were in office: (top, left to right) Charles Crawford Robinson, 1926; Jeanne Pritt, 1931; Charles R. Marsh, Jr., 1924; Byron Rimbley Toothman, 1922; Nancy Welch, 1925; Eleanor Crigler, 1930; Jimmy Wilson, 1923; Johnny Stewart, 1927; and James Lucian Yost, 1932

"In 1923, it was Max R. Wilson who led the post, and his contribution to the population of this old world was James Edward Wilson. Wilson was followed by Charles R. Marsh, and Charles R. Marsh, Jr., saw the light about the same time. And so, right on down to the present time. The present commander, Rufus L. Yost, offers James Lucian Yost, now eight months old, as evidence that the custom is being continued. The accompanying photographs represent Exhibit A. There is talk about amending the by-laws or the ritual or something and setting up certain requirements

for those who aspire to the command of Fairmount Post. Twins and triplets have passed us by so far, but we are hoping."

### When a Stranger Dies

SHIMMERING desert and naked mountains lie roundabout Ely, Nevada, not far from the border of Utah and Great Salt Lake. The 3,500 people of Ely have made a garden of their town as they dream of days when a new gold rush will restore to Nevada the old glory of Goldfield. Meanwhile, Service Officer J. A. Johnson of White Pine Post of The American Legion carries on jointly the duties of coroner and justice of the peace.

Two-gun men are rare these days and the pineapple and bullet-proof vest are unknown in Ely, so Mr. Johnson is busier as justice than as coroner. When a stranger known as J. E. Taylor was found dead in a lonely cabin not long ago, Mr. Johnson might have permitted the body to go to a pauper's grave, but instead he determined to find out whether the man who had died was a veteran of the World War. He sent finger prints to the War Department in Washington, D. C., but back came word that the prints did not correspond to those of any man named J. E. Taylor who had served in the World War. Next, Mr. Johnson appealed to the headquarters of the Marine Corps. He learned that the prints were those of a man who had served in the Marine Corps under the name of J. McL.



Hansborough. The body was given a military funeral by White Pine Post and was buried in the post's cemetery plot while Mr. Johnson located relatives of Mr. Hansborough and arranged for later shipment of his body.

### Fishskin versus Frogskin

PERHAPS Hackett Larson Post of Friday Harbor, Washington, never heard the old wheeze, "This money is all right; I know because I made it myself." Anyway, that is what the post could have told its fellow citizens during the bank holiday of March. To meet the shortage of currency, the post issued scrip in denominations of twenty-five cents, fifty cents and one dollar. It didn't have a gold reserve to back this money up, but it deposited as collateral for the scrip adjusted compensation certificates, Uncle Sam's ironclad pledges to pay real hard money. The scrip was printed on fishskin parchment, to advertise the town as one of the world's best known salmon fishing and canning centers, writes Post Adjutant C. A. French.

"Our town is in the extreme northwest tip of the country, on San Juan Island," adds Mr. French. "Our members live on five of the larger islands of the San Juan group, so we hire a boat and hold meetings on each island in turn."

### Army, Navy and Marine Corps

LEGION posts throughout the country are constantly appealing to the fingerprint record divisions of the Army, the Navy and the Marine Corps in Washington, D. C., to establish the identity of deceased men thought to have served in the war. Even where the name under which the man served is not known, the Marine Corps and Navy can find his fingerprints and thus



establish his identity, for the finger-print records of these two branches of service have been classified since the war under the system generally in use. The Army fingerprints, however, have not been classified, except in cases of men dishonorably discharged. To verify the identity of a man who served in the Army during the World War, therefore, it is ordinarily necessary to know accurately the name under which he served, for the fingerprints of honorably discharged men are filed alphabetically.

"The instances in which verification of identity cannot be made are of such rare occurrence that the expense of classifying the Army's fingerprints is not believed justifiable," writes Brigadier General James F. McKinley, Acting The Adjutant General of the War Department.

### Sons of the Legion

JOHN DOUGHBOY, JR., who has been keeper of his father's personal war museum since he became old enough to recognize the differences in German helmets, who has faithfully performed the duties of family war historian by learning his Dad's favorite stories of 1917 and 1918, now may enlarge his activities. The National Executive Committee at Indianapolis in May approved the plan of organizing a society to be composed of sons of Legionnaires, and now the active work of establishing squadrons of the Sons of The American Legion is under way in each State. National Adjutant Frank E. Samuel has distributed to all Department Adjutants copies of booklets containing the constitution and by-laws of the new outfit and the ritual governing its meetings and ceremonies, so that this material can be supplied to posts wishing to establish boys' squadrons. (Continued on page 59)



A red-hot boardwalk and a cool surf help keep Morgan-Ranck Post of Ocean City, New Jersey, in training for autumn conventions, and it has no difficulty in getting other New Jersey posts to march in its parades

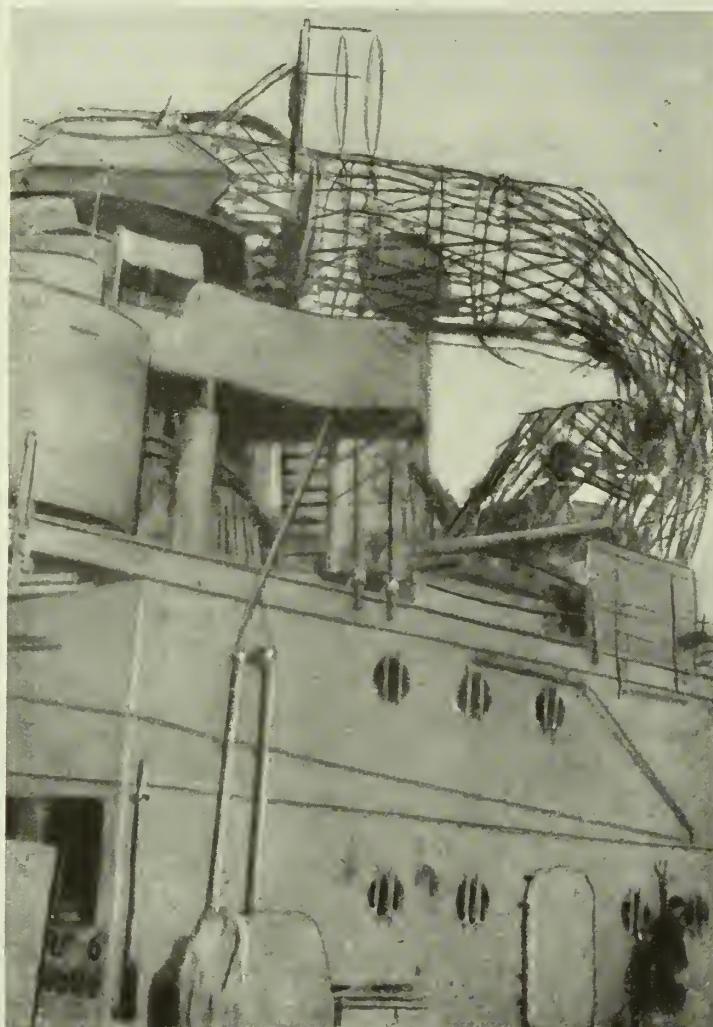
# HELL OFF HATTERAS

AS EVERYONE who participated in the World War or kept abreast of news of it well knows, enemy submarines took their full toll of ships and of lives. But the men who fought on the deep had to contend with another enemy—Nature. Storms at sea were no respecters of the craft they attacked and observed no neutral zones. Witness the picture alongside. The damage was not wrought in foreign waters nor by enemy guns, but occurred right along the coast of our own country, off a point of North Carolina, Cape Hatteras, one of the trio of Carolina capes—Lookout, Fear and Hatteras—whose adjoining stretches of the Atlantic are respected by all mariners.

Cape Hatteras projects from the chain of barrier beaches beyond Pamlico Sound. In addition to the danger to ships from its outlying shoals, there is the added one of storms, due in part to the close sweep of the Gulf Stream at times. As a warning to ships, there stands the highest lighthouse in the United States, spreading its beams from the top of its 193-foot tower.

By a strange coincidence, two ex-gobs wrote to us at almost the same time about their experience on the U. S. S. *Michigan* and sent us pictures of the damage done to their ship. We use the picture submitted by Legionnaire Lester Strong of 86 Poplar Avenue, Silver Beach Gardens, Bronx, New York, but Ross E. Turner of Dewey McGlynn Post of Remington, Indiana, collaborates in the supporting stories. First let us hear from Strong, ex-storekeeper on the *Michigan*:

"Enclosed is one of the few pictures taken, owing to censorship, of the mishap on the U. S. S. *Michigan* on January 15, 1918, off Cape Hatteras, during a severe storm. My log under that date



Not an enemy shell, but a gale toppled this mast on the U. S. S. *Michigan* during maneuvers off the Carolinas in 1918, resulting in fatalities among the crew

shows the following entry:

"Still underway, cloudy and rough—wind blowing 149 miles per hour (guess that is an exaggeration)—all wireless aerials and aftertruck mast down on the *South Carolina*; foretruck and aerial on the *Connecticut* carried away. Afterpart of our own main aerial down also, starboard lifeboat carried away. Material in all storerooms adrift, owing to heavy roll of ship. About 2 P. M., our foremast collapsed, pinning down many men, killing six men instantly, seriously injuring two (who died that night) and badly injuring ten others."

"Lieutenant Pfeifer, Marine Corps, and Seaman Farmer, 1st Division, fell with foretop. Lieutenant Pfeifer jumped before top hit the deck and suffered dislocated shoulder and cuts about head. Farmer, right arm amputated, left arm crushed, cuts on head, internal injuries. I was standing by No. 18 gun on boat deck. Ran to get under gun, but knocked down by aerial and at second crash the mast was caught under yardarm."



Cuts on head and sprained back. In sick bay. Everyone turned out to take out injured. Doctors busy operating till 8:45 P. M. We headed back to Base 2. I had head sewed and back strapped and turned in at 9 P. M. Rolling heavy all night. Port lifeboat carried away.'

"I would be glad to exchange copies of this picture with men having other views of accident and would like to get, if available, picture of damage on *Michigan* when the 12-inch gun blew up in 1917. I have six copies of the enclosed picture and will gladly send one to any of the men injured. I am anxious to get affidavits from any of the hospital apprentices who recall repairing my damages."

SEVERAL weeks later, Ross E. Turner sent in two pictures of the same damage on the *Michigan* and told this tale:

"On just another day, the crew of the old U. S. S. *Michigan* was out for maneuvers with the Atlantic Fleet, but this day there was a storm that will live long in the minds of those boys who were in it. All ships lunging, plunging and getting nowhere it seemed, but just the same it was mere routine. On that January 15, 1918, I was a baker on the ship and after dinner, the accident happened—the only one of its kind in the U. S. Navy.

"The foremast came buckling down to crush and kill a three-inch gun crew of five men, and also crush a sailor, on lookout duty in the crow's nest, to death. I remember clearly the Marine lieutenant who came down with the 'fighting top' and still lived. And how well I recall the searchlight glass coming down through the open hatches to the bake-shop floor at my very feet, and not receiving a scratch. The ship wound up by dropping anchor at Yorktown, Virginia, and then receiving orders to proceed to the Philadelphia Navy Yard for repairs. Do you still remember?"

The annual report of the Secretary of the Navy for 1918 confirms the date of the accident, tersely reports it as "During heavy gale forward fire-control mast collapsed and fell to deck," but the list of casualties shows six dead and three wounded, instead of eight dead and ten injured as stated by Strong. Those killed were: Fireman 3d class John Angeliccechico, and Julian S. Bell, Osben Capers Belyeo, Clarence Eugene Book, Carl P. Marahrens and Frank John Prinz, seamen 2d class; the injured: Virgil V. Biggers, Gordon Solomon Farmer and Edward McDonald, all seamen 2d class.

NO CLAIM whatever accompanied the picture of the show troupe shown, although



Probably the farthest-north service show troupe. Thespians of the 31st Infantry who entertained their buddies and the natives in a Russian barracks in Razdonia, Siberia, during 1918-19



The Gray, the O. D. and the Blue at Vicksburg, Mississippi, during the fall of 1917. Mark L. Sullivan of Chicago is the O. D.-clad soldier

Hmm!!?? Reckon  
I oughta go back  
n' git me a few  
more to turn  
in along with  
this half-pint!!?



C. P. Thiele of 2050 Broadway, Redwood City, California, who sent it, might have added that it was probably the farthest-north of all the groups of wartime thespians. Here is Thiele's story regarding his gang:

"During the war, I was sent across the pond but the wrong one—the Pacific—and found myself in Siberia in August, 1918, with the 31st Infantry. No great hazardous duties to perform—our main work being to guard railroads, tunnels, bridges, etc. In a little village called Razdonia, about 31 versts from Vladivostok, we had two companies and not having much guard duty, time was hanging heavy on our hands.

"With several years' experience in the theatrical business with a quartette, I got permission from the captain to scout for talent in Company L, my outfit, and the other company, to organize a show troupe to relieve the monotony. Professional talent was there, especially Herman Hetzel, a Jewish comedian. Soon we had a character quartette formed. Some other talent fell into line. Next we got permission to go to Vladivostok for costumes. An orchestra was formed and we were well on our way.

"Next came the problem of props, scenery, curtains and the like. I learned that a prisoner in camp had been a scenery painter and without much difficulty got him to furnish all our drop curtains. He was a splendid artist. We obtained permission to use one of the brick Russian barracks, which came to be known as the Show House. The barracks, of which there were hundreds, housed German prisoners and each was heated by two huge wood stoves, one at each end. Each prisoner had a bunk, in tiers like shelves, with a cabinet for a locker. As the prisoners were forwarded to the Vladivostok base, the Americans occupied the barracks, taking out the 'shelving' bunks and replacing them with cots.

"All men in the troupe were relieved of all other duties for rehearsals. Following the grand opening night, we performed every night for the entertainment of our officers and men. Later on, the Russian public was invited and so that they might enjoy the performances more, we translated many American popular songs into Russian. One of my songs, 'How You Goin' To Keep 'Em Down on the Farm,' made quite a hit, as the lyrics were particularly funny in translation.

"We kept together for several months but when some of the

boys left for home, only the quartette remained. As I reminisce, my thoughts go back to our topkick who just 'loved' me. Was his face red when he learned I was relieved from all duty and devoted my time to shenanigans! I'd like to hear from veterans of the old show troupe and learn what they are now doing."

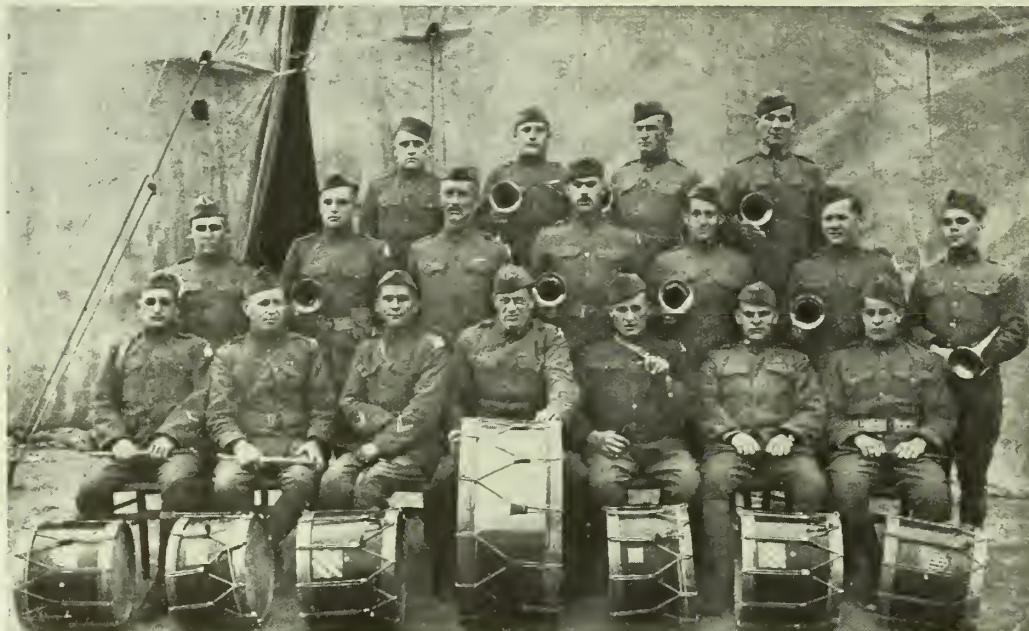
**D**OCTOR MARK WILLIAMS, dentist of 3254 Lincoln Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, member of Lakeview Post and Vice Commander of the Sixth District of the Department of Illinois, is the man to be thanked for the example of national solidarity shown on page 33. Here is the story of the snapshot:

"While on duty with my outfit, the Third Field Hospital, during the fall of 1917, in Vicksburg, Mississippi, the Grand Army

only regiment so equipped. Of course a lot of regiments supplemented their bands with drum and bugle corps.

"We had a regimental band in the Fourth Infantry, Third Division, but it won the elimination contest up in the Army of Occupation and was transferred to the Composite Regiment, which paraded in Paris, London and other centers. We failed to see our band again until we all met at Camp Pike, Arkansas, and until then our corps was the only music the regiment had.

"We furnished the music for all regimental guard mounts, parades and reviews, even playing for divisional reviews where we received high praise from reviewing officers. The picture was taken in front of a hangar close to Plaist, Germany, where regimental headquarters of the Fourth Infantry was located.



### DRUM CORPS PIONEERS

With the regimental band on detached service, these buglers and drummers supplied music for the Fourth Infantry, Third Division. The picture was taken near Plaist, Germany. Any of the men now in Legion corps?

of the Republic was holding its annual encampment there. The site of the encampment was part of the territory over which the Battle of Vicksburg had been fought during the Civil War. One of the G. A. R. men stopped me on the street and suggested that we look up an 'old Rebel' and have our pictures taken together. He said it would be a reminder to us that the North and South were joining to support the soldiers of 1917. The enclosed is the result.

"I heard many heated arguments between 'Yankees' and 'Rebels' about different incidents of the battle. Many pointed out places where they were stationed during the fighting.

"In the snapshot the Minnesota G. A. R. tent can be seen in the background. The Union soldier was from that State and the Confederate veteran from Mississippi but regrettably I have forgotten their names. Does anyone know them?

"Our hospital unit was stationed in Vicksburg to do first aid work during the encampment. We left for France to join the First Division shortly after leaving there. Our short stop in Vicksburg was one of the most pleasant we experienced in service. The people of the city did everything possible to entertain us and we all had pleasant memories of our stay."

**W**HOM said "Firsts?" We felt sure that by this time we had tracked them all to their lairs with the assistance of our readers, but listen to this story by John E. Miller of Legion National Headquarters, Indianapolis, Indiana, after viewing the picture of the drum and bugle corps on this page:

"You more than likely thought you had run all the 'firsts' in your reminiscent columns of the Monthly. However, it is my belief that I've found one more.

"The enclosed picture represents what I believe was the first and probably *only* corps composing the sole musical equipment of an entire regiment. Many battalions and smaller units had such musical outfits but as far as I can determine we were the

"I do not remember the names of most of the men in the picture but when I read about these noisy musical outfits at Legion conventions I cannot help but wonder if a lot of the Legion corps members did not get their training or at least their inspiration from our corps. If I recall well, ten States are represented in the group."

Legionnaire Miller is the third man from the right in the second row in the picture, nursing a trumpet under his arm. Let's hear from the rest of the veterans. How many of them will strut their stuff with Legion corps at the National convention in Chicago?

**F**ROM another of our buddies who is still fighting the war comes a request which we know will meet with the same wholehearted response given to similar pleas in these columns. Philatelists—stamp collectors—and others, front and center! Norman B. Foster, Ward R-2, United States Veterans Hospital, Oteen, North Carolina, speaks:

"The stamp collecting bug has bitten me most grievously. This comes as a very unfortunate circumstance to me for it is an added complication to a chronic case of the T. B. bugs. And also it comes at a time when I am receiving the little end of a big curtailment of income—thanks (Continued on page 61)



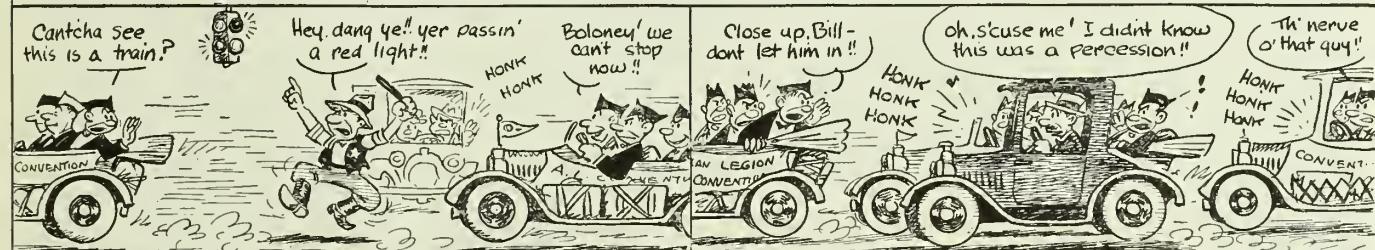
# MOTORCADE CONVENTIONNAIRES

But It's Better Than 100 to 1 Nothing Like This Is Gonna Happen

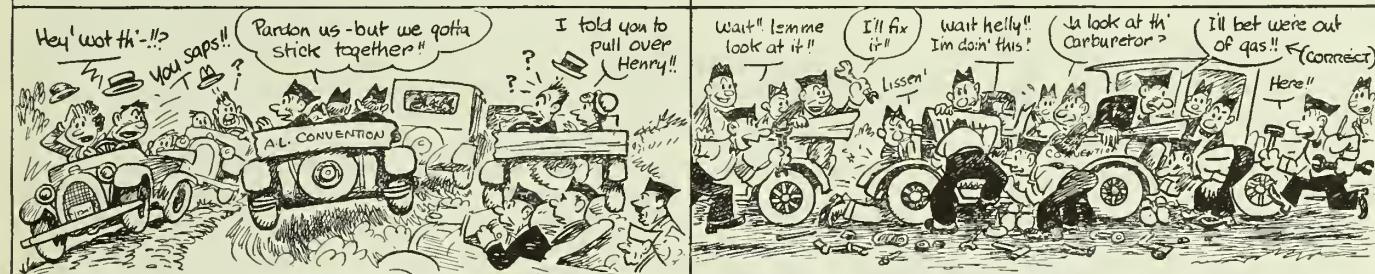
By Wallgren



THE START - IN CLOSE FORMATION, BECAUSE THE LEAD CAR CONTAINS THE ONLY ONE FAMILAR WITH THE ROUTE - AND BECAUSE EACH CAR HAS BEEN ASSIGNED ITS PLACE IN THE LINE SO THAT LIASSON CAN BE MAINTAINED AT ALL TIMES - AND TO ELIMINATE RACING, CUTTING-IN, AND OTHER HAZARDS OF THE OPEN ROAD -



RED LIGHTS DON'T MEAN ANYTHING TO THIS CARAVAN - IF THE LEAD CAR MISSES IT, THE OTHERS FOLLOW THROUGH JUST AS A MATTER OF COURSE, OF COURSE -



WHEN THE LEAD CAR GOES AROUND - THE OTHERS, OF COURSE, MUST FOLLOW SUIT - REGARDLESS OF HOW MANY OTHER CARS ARE FORCED OFF THE ROAD, INTO DITCHES, ETC..



LOST - DESPITE THEIR PRECAUTIONS OF HALTING BEYOND EACH TURN-OFF, OR FORK, FOR CHECK-UP - SOMEONE IS BOUND TO GO ASTRAY GOING THROUGH TOWN TRAFFIC -



THE FINISH - ONLY TWO CARS HAVE ARRIVED AT THE CONVENTION TOGETHER (THE SECOND CAR BEING TOWED IN BY THE FIRST) - THE OTHERS ARRIVING AT INTERVALS OF SOME MINUTES, TO SOME HOURS, LATER - EXPLANATIONS, ALIBIS, AND RECRIMINATIONS ARE NOW IN ORDER. <GOING HOME IS A DIFFERENT SERIES OF ADVENTURES ALTOGETHER>

# THE VOICE *of the* LEGION

Editors of Legion Publications in Various Parts of the Nation Comment on  
Matters Affecting the Organization

**S**O J. P. MORGAN did not pay any income taxes to the United States in 1930, 1931 and 1932.

That makes interesting reading for thousands of Americans, small business, professional and salaried men, who did pay a tax out of their meager earnings. Especially since they are confronted with the prospect of an increase in that tax.

It is also interesting to the disabled veteran whose scanty compensation for injuries received in the service of his country is being cut an average of about sixty percent.

If it were only Morgan who failed to support his country, we might treat this as an isolated instance of injustice. However, none of his partners, millionaires all, paid any tax.

When and if the facts become known it will be of interest to note how much the other very wealthy men have contributed to their country.

Who profited from the World War?

Certainly not Bill Jones who left his job, fought through all the dirty mess, was wounded, and who will, after July 1st, draw \$20 per month for 48 percent disability.

Whose money, by the hundreds of millions, was invested in Europe at the time of the World War and was saved by American intervention?

Certainly not yours and mine.

We do not claim that Mr. Morgan and others like him have done anything illegal. They are too smart for that. Besides, they have too much money to hire lawyers and to dictate the making of laws.

We simply say that it is unjust.—*The Lonely Cootie, Burbank (California) Post.*

## CHALLENGE WASTE

**E**VERY Legion Post—yes, every Legionnaire—has a continuing duty to perform in this regard. Here it is: Every time you, and you, see a dollar wasted in government, whether municipal, county, state or federal, for the love of our disabled comrades, do something about it. Let us be effective citizens in this regard. Let us bring forth into the light of day any example of waste or graft or miscarriage of justice that we may personally come to know. Let's see that every dollar spent in any government activity, a dollar, maybe, that was saved at the cost of suffering, goes further and does more than any dollar did before in government. Let's get rid of the "gold-bricker" in government, whoever he may be and wherever he may be found.—*Hoosier Legionnaire.*

## "HOLD THAT PIVOT!"

**I**N TIMES of prolonged depression there is a tendency to give ear to all sorts of "crack-pot" ideas. When things are "bad" a man will "try anything." That is wrong; the eternal verities are just that—"eternal." Yet, we are seeing all sorts of panaceas put forth today for the cures of our economic woes. Almost all of them are contrary to economic laws. Economic laws are, if

they are really laws and not mere theories, natural laws. Natural laws are immutable; they cannot be changed. They are automatic in their operation; they cannot be abrogated or suspended. They act whether mere man wills them to or not . . .

The Federal Government, erstwhile protector of law, justice and equity, is now the leader in proposing the abrogation of contracts. Monetary inflation, credit inflation, all of these presage a momentary alleviation of our troubles with the resultant after effect—more, perhaps worse, depression. The present one was due to inflation, in land, in the securities markets, the commodities markets. We are "enjoying" the usual "morning after" headache from the "spree" of the early post-war years. Why go through it again? Worst of all, it is proposed that the rate on first mortgages be reduced. Do you realize that many old people have put their entire savings into a first mortgage, the proceeds from which is the money on which they live? Is any country helped by "robbing Peter to pay Paul"?

Think these things over, comrades, they are vital to you and to your children . . .

Let us "hold that pivot," eschew all the nostrums proposed. Let us hope that the President will have some of the conservatism to be expected of an Easterner, a New Yorker, for, verily, we are in shoal water. If you have not forgotten how, pray for your country; it needs our prayers.—*Newark (New Jersey) Legionnaire.*

## THE NEW UNDERSTANDING

**R**ECENT events forecast a better understanding of The American Legion. Each post can do its part to promote the movement. The Michigan Department did it recently with a State-wide radio initiation of 100 members. Every post does not have accessibility to a broadcasting station. There wasn't one available, either, when its members marched off to war—but the home folks knew and understood them then. They can impress their own people with their Legionism and high ideals in no better way than to hold a public initiation with impressive ceremony.

Here is the way one mother felt about the Michigan program. According to the Department radio chairman, Harry I. Dingeman, the general response to the program was inspiring. The mother's letter in part:

"We want to congratulate you on your wonderful radio initiation of 100 World War veterans. My two boys, 16 and 12, were thrilled with the prompt reply of the men and most of all, something we did not know before, what the Legion stands for.

"The boys wish me to tell you that the oath was so clean and manly, one could not go far wrong and live up to The American Legion oath. The boys said they wished the public schools had a program like the Legion, and the children had some oath of loyalty to the schools and each other. It might stop the crime wave that is getting such a hold on the high schools.

"I am proud of my boys. They are clean and enjoy a program like the one we heard tonight. As a mother I want to congratulate you on your splendid work. Would it be asking too much for a copy of the four points of the Legion oath as a keepsake?"

There is food for thought in the suggestion of a school oath, and in this mother's request for the Legion oath. Would not others who do not understand the Legion be interested if the Legion post held an impressive initiation for the public to witness?

It is in a manner such as this, and such as the holding of public programs like that of which Adjutant Zwiener tells in his column this week, that folks in general may best learn to know the real American Legion.—*Minnesota Legionnaire*.

#### THOSE SHIFTS IN TAXES

PEOPLE in practically every community are now beginning to realize just how drastic and ruthless and unjust those new regulations originally issued following the passage of the bill entitled "A bill to maintain the credit of the U. S." really are. The compensation of battle casualties is being slashed more than fifty percent in many cases. Thousands upon thousands of disabled veterans, many of whom are suffering from disabilities which they cannot at this late date trace directly to their service, are to be cast back upon their respective communities under existing regulations. This is not the average American's idea of justice.

When the people of this State and other States realize (as they will realize, unless the regulations are properly corrected and modified) that the burden of care and support of these disabled veterans is being shifted from the backs of the larger income-tax-payers and income-tax-dodgers to the already over-taxed local communities, they will then realize that the Legion's fight for their disabled comrades has been a fight for justice itself. Many people are wondering why actual battle-scarred veterans' compensation (which was little enough) should be slashed at all . . . —*Forward Observation Post, Department of North Carolina*.

#### ALL TOGETHER, NOW!

THESE are trying times for the veteran. His just requirements and rights are shunted, temporarily at least, aside in the interest of what some civilian clear-thinking people term unreasoning and misplaced government economy.

Unsolicited, albeit sincerely, the writer advances the humble thought that veterans should mass the strength of their common cause irrespective of service. Certainly this is no time to argue whether a man was old enough to have served in the Army of the Potomac; willing enough to join the volunteer ranks in the Spanish American, or a participant of the World War . . .

The battlefield is the field of Common Justice in judgment by the people of America who promised eternal gratitude for service well and costly given. Let's make the fight wholeheartedly, comrades.

Above all LET'S MAKE IT TOGETHER!—*The Star Shell, Berkshire County District, Massachusetts*.



• • what's more, these new Champion Extra Range Spark Plugs are dependable and get extra power, speed and

acceleration out of any engine \* \* You'll also find them the most economical item on your bill because they'll pay their way several times over in the next 10,000 miles"



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**CHAMPION**  
EXTRA-RANGE  
SPARK PLUGS

# At Your Service—U. S. 101

(Continued from page 5)

Five free ferries maintained by the state highway commission provide transport across the mouths of streams which have found their way through the mountains to the sea, forming wide and deep bays and breaking up the rugged mountain line. The State has acquired ownership of the most unusual points along the rights of way, providing parks and parking areas for sightseeing tourists.

This great serpentine highway taps the famous Tillamook cheese country, crosses the mouth of the famed Rogue River, long the mecca of fishermen, skims through some of the wildest and most primitive country in the United States with vast resources yet untouched, lips the edge of Cape Blanco, still claimed to be the farthest western point of land in the United States, rims the vast forests of Port Orford white cedar (found nowhere else in quantity), furnishes the main thoroughfare for dozens of shoreline towns and villages and passes hundreds of picturesque rock and sand structures formed by nature, most unusual of which is the huge subterranean palace of the sea lions, which is rapidly becoming famous as one of the great natural wonders of the West.

The enormous cavern carved out of solid rock is found facing the ocean at a point midway on the highway. The main part of the huge underground structure covers approximately two acres, with a great domed ceiling extending to a height of

150 feet. The main entrance on the sea is through two enormous rock portals, and this is the route taken by sea lions, other marine life and birds to get into this refuge.

At times the monster cavern is inhabited by five hundred or more sea lions, and it is said to be the only place in the world where they breed and have their young on the mainland.

While the motorist traveling over the road for the first time goes through country which appears new, it is really old—old in years, legend and romance—but there is about it that freshness and primitiveness of nature unspoiled by the hand of man which leaves lingering memories. There are many places where bear, cougar, deer and other wild animals cross the highway at will.

**N**OW imagine a highway alongside of which you may park your car and all within a few hours of the same day get your fill of crab, oysters and deep-sea fish, catch a basket of mountain trout, take a shot or two at a buck deer, catch a fleeting glimpse of a mountain lion, try your hand at gold mining and refresh yourself in the cool gurgling waters of a mountain stream or the smooth rolling breakers of the ever near Pacific.

The Oregon Coast Highway is just that kind of a highway. While everything in the way of fish from the famous Columbia River Royal Chinook salmon to the tiny Pacific anchovies may be caught in season

from within a stone's throw of the highway, the visitor motorist gets something different in the way of oysters when he reaches Yaquina Bay at the half way point. Experiments begun there a few years ago have resulted in some of the largest oyster beds in the world, producing the popular Yaquina Bay oyster, which is rapidly becoming known to epicureans in all parts of the United States.

The highway over-all is eighty feet wide—ample in the years to come to provide a boulevard with four or five lanes of traffic—and is reached by eight routes from the interior of Oregon, with more in the making.

While the highway will long remain a monument to the vision of the promoters and the skill of the engineers and contractors, its value as a public works enterprise has been of paramount importance in Oregon's economic scheme. Not only was employment provided thousands of men but many millions of dollars were kept in circulation and much new money brought into the State.

In accordance with the national program of speeding public improvements, the State now contemplates a further expenditure of \$5,000,000 on a program of modernizing some of the earlier work, widening the highway here and there, laying additional hard-surfacing and replacing the five free ferries with steel and concrete bridges which will bring the final cost of the completed highway to \$23,000,000.

## Second Diamond

(Continued from page 22)

all and as I turned back toward home the one whom I had first met bent toward me in the breeze, with parted, lovely lips and nodded goodbye.

After supper that evening I walked through the violet twilight over to the old house with the boulder and the brook in its door-yard where Ben lived. Ben is a mighty fisherman who has camped with me for many years on end. When I told him about the Second Diamond and the great swirl which I had seen in the water, his eyes glistened.

"We'll start tomorrow," he said decisively.

Two nights later and our tent was pitched on the shore of that lonely lake where loons laughed at dawn and the moose fed at dusk on the knotted roots of yellow water-lilies. That was the beginning of a wonderful week. Every morning we would walk far out on the bole of the dead pine and dive into sixty feet of clear, jasper-green water with a tingle in its depths like cold fire. At night we would

pile up drift-wood and pine-stumps on the beach and sit in the soft sand with our backs against a water-worn log and watch the fire roar up ten feet through the frosty air and then sleep soft on beds of balsam boughs, while the ghostly note of a barred owl drifted down to us from Black Mountain.

Then what meals we had! One I remember especially. I had gone some distance one evening along the shore to split up some drift-wood for our cooking-fire. As I walked along the beach I saw a fat, ruffed-grouse hopping fantastically about in the sand. Throwing my hatchet like a tomahawk, by some miracle I managed to knock the poor bird over and when I came back I found that Ben had shot another, which he had found roosting in a pine tree.

When I reproached him for his unsportsmanlike behavior, he remarked that he had never sunk so low as to kill a bird with a hatchet.

The next morning we picked a couple of quarts of high-bush blueberries and I

caught eleven six-inch trout in a trickle of water which ran through the woods. That noon we had a feast of broiled trout and roast partridge, with some of Ben's hot biscuit and blueberries for dessert.

No camping trip is complete without a number of adventures and ours began the second night. We had gone to bed early and through the open front of our tent could see the moon-path across the lake. Once a black duck quacked sleepily among the rushes and faint and far away came the hoot of a great horned owl. That delicious drowsiness which comes after a long day in the open was just beginning to steal over us when from the opposite side of the lake came a sound which brought us to our feet in a flash.

The scream of a horse in a burning barn, the terrible screech which a great horned owl sometimes gives in the woods at night and the vampire-cry of a panther are all ghastly, terrifying sounds. Not one of them, however, could compare in horror with that scream which we heard echoing

across the Second Diamond that night.

Once again it came over the water, louder and nearer than before and Ben produced an automatic big enough to kill a moose and my muscles jerked and quivered at the sound, although by that time I knew what it was.

"It's only a red fox," I said shakily.

"Only a red devil, you mean," responded Ben. "Why would a fox make such a hellish noise?"

No one has ever yet been able to answer that question. Usually a fox barks like a dog who has not quite learned how, or makes curious chirring, squawking sounds. Once or twice in a lifetime, however, one may hear a red fox scream and the sound is like nothing else on earth. I have known a whole village up among the Berkshire hills to be terrorized by it.

All of this I explained to Ben and at last persuaded him to put up his revolver and go back to bed. I also made a few remarks about the bad state of his nerves.

Ben had his revenge a day or so later. In that gray, ghostly hour just before the dawn I suddenly awoke. The moon had set, but a curious pale light seemed to come up from the ground as the hidden sun approached its rising, and I saw a dark animal, which seemed to me about the size of a sheep, coming in through the open flap of the tent. Half blind without my glasses, and thinking that the beast was a wolverine or a young bear, I grabbed a shot-gun which we kept loaded in the tent for emergencies. Ben awoke just in time.

"Hey, you bonehead, it's only a porcupine," he protested. "Do you want to fill the camp full of quills?"

A moment later, grunting indignantly, the quill-pig moved out into the woods again.

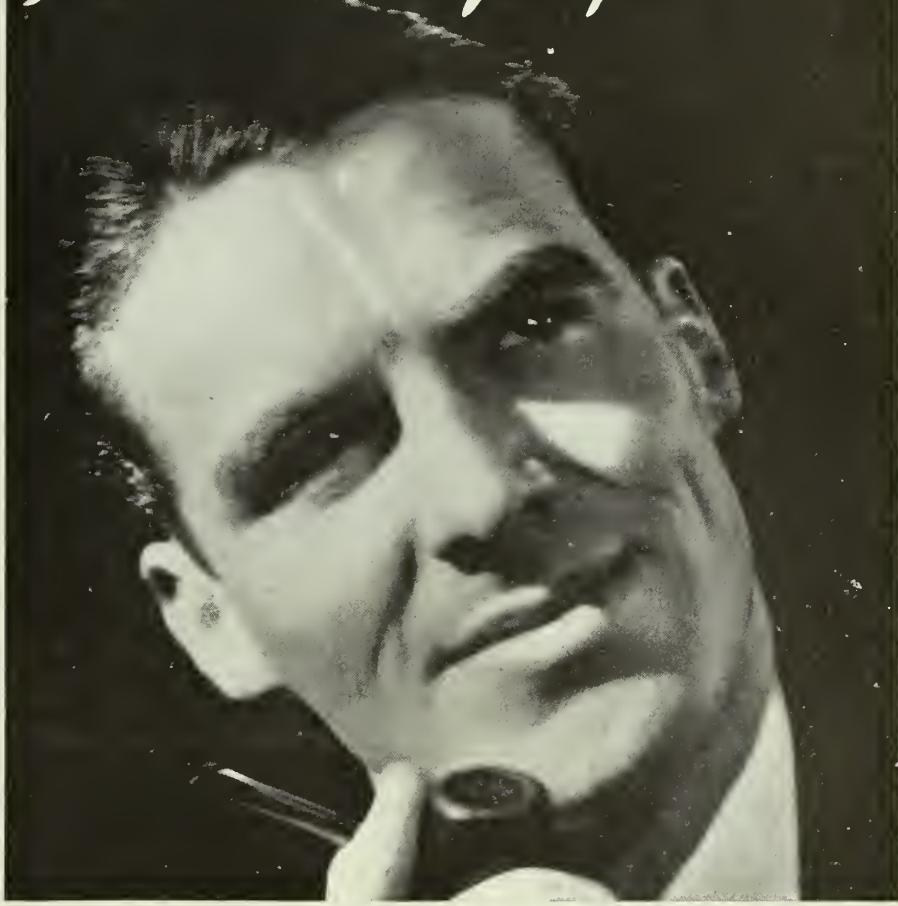
We spent our time in exploring, birds' nesting and fishing. One day we found our way through a tangle of hills to Wizard Pond, almost as unknown as the Second Diamond. It lay in a little cleft in the mountains and was only a hundred yards in length and perhaps half that in width and only to be reached by a breakneck path down the side of the cliff.

On the shores of Second Diamond we found a number of nests. Among them was the nest of the magnolia warbler, made of fine twigs and lined with red and black moss roots.

My best find came one morning when I was seated on a stump watching Ben make beautiful casts far out into the lake. To be sure, he failed to get any strikes but his casting was beyond reproach.

The day before he had found a spotted sandpiper's nest along the edge of the lake, with its four exquisite cream-colored eggs blotched with chocolate, beneath a blueberry bush. He had also located the nest of an Acadian chickadee, which differs from our common northern chickadee in being brown and white instead of black and white. The nest was in a deep hole in a decayed stump and contained seven little chickadees. When (Continued on page 40)

*"If I had a million  
I wouldn't pay more!"*



I HESITATED a long, long time before I filled my pipe with UNION LEADER.

It didn't seem possible that such mighty good tobacco could cost so little money . . . While it's none of my business,

I still don't see how they do it. But I do know that I'm getting the smoothest "Good Old Kentucky Burley" that ever caked my pipe . . . And I'm paying a dime for a great husky tinful. All I need for 25 full pipe loads.

© P. Lorillard Co., Inc.



**UNION LEADER**  
SMOKING TOBACCO FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTE

## Second Diamond

(Continued from page 39)

we turned a flashlight on them, they all opened their mouths to an enormous extent, evidently convinced that light was something good to eat.

That morning, while I sat watching Ben, a dusky little bird alighted on a branch not fifteen feet above my head. By her markings I identified her as a female bay-breasted warbler and even as I stared at her, right before my eyes she ran along the edge of a mossy limb like a little mouse and popped into a beautifully concealed nest made of moss and grass and lined with plant-down and moose-hair. It contained five eggs marked with cinnamon and olive brown and was our rarest nest for the week.

Ben had brought with him a fly-rod and a fly-book full of Dusty Millers, Jock Scots, Parmachini Belles and other celebrated flies and with them he caught several fine strings of trout. I had brought a bait-rod and a pint of angle-worms in sphagnum moss. Ben was horrified at the sight.

"A bait-fisherman and a pot-hunter who kills ruffed grouse with a hatchet are probably the lowest form of human life," he observed bitterly, after we had taken a trip to the First Diamond, where I caught twelve black bass on worms to his two on flies.

The worst, however, was yet to come. Neither one of us had been able to catch a

landlocked salmon, although I had computed that Ben had done at least fifty miles of casting after one.

Early the last morning, I got up while the mist was still on the lake. Fastening a double snelled bass-hook on my bait-rod with a sinker, I baited it with a small chub and crept out to the extreme end of the fallen pine where the water was at least sixty feet deep. Then, while the mist rose from the surface of the pond like smoke, I cast the live bait well out beyond the tree and let it sink nearly to the bottom. For half an hour I sat there without a sign of a strike, during which time Ben awoke and found me at my daybreak vigil.

He was much amused.

"There are some limits to what a bait-fisherman can do," he remarked. "You may catch black-bass and even trout but never a salmon."

A moment later there was a heavy tug at my line and as it circled through the water I struck. Instantly the line whizzed out from my reel and went whirling through the misty water in ever-widening circles. At the first whir of the reel Ben made a deplorable ejaculation and departed forthwith to the tent for the gaff.

I had a heavy, dependable rod of split-bamboo and little by little managed to bring the fish out of deep water. As it ap-

proached the surface it suddenly broke water with that flying, flamboyant arch of silver that only a leaping salmon can give, one of the most beautiful sights in the world. Ben was tremendously excited.

"Steady," he shouted. "Don't let him fall on the line! Don't give him any slack! If he goes under the log give him the butt," along with many other equally valuable suggestions, none of which meant anything to me.

Without any science and but little experience, I managed to play the great fish in an amateurish way, taking in line whenever I could and keeping him moving constantly until after about twenty minutes of fight he gave one more magnificent jump and then allowed me to bring him in, struggling and fighting every inch of the way, toward the log.

As he came close, by the rising sun I could see his full dimensions and to my delighted eyes he was a monster. Even Ben, who had caught salmon in many parts of the world, was impressed and gaffed him neatly as he came within reach. In another minute my first landlocked salmon lay beside me on the log. He weighed twenty-one pounds, two ounces, and set the seal of success to our week at Second Diamond.

Some day Ben and I are going back there—some day, some day!

## We're on the Right Road

(Continued from page 15)

was the road taken by others. It was to "cuss" the President, damn the Government; to bite off the disabled veteran's nose to spite the administration's face. Others may have found satisfaction in traveling this road but they found themselves "lost"—in no position to carry on for the truly disabled, whom they were bound by every tie to serve.

The first road—our road—was the road of continued discussion and reason. When to our dismay, we found that the regulations that had been announced were not as we had a right to expect but were on the contrary harsh and cruel beyond the conception of even those who had supported the Economy Act in principle, we strove with all our power to have those regulations repealed and replaced by others which should preserve the spirit of humanity and national honor. We sought as was our primary duty to rescue those stricken comrades of ours calling to us from the No Man's Land of life, pleading that the Legion bring them back to the lines of reasonable protection.

Immediately after the first drastic regulations had been announced, I went to President Roosevelt direct at the White

House and told him, in the name of the Legion, that those to whom he had entrusted the responsibility of writing the regulations had plunged the economy knife deeply into the very class of men the President had pledged would be protected—namely, the battle casualties, the men who had given arms, legs, eyes, even their very minds, in defense of their country. I told him that although his spokesmen were saying to the country that service-connected cases were cut 20 percent, Director Douglas and Administrator Hines had actually announced cuts of 50, 60 and 70 percent and beyond.

At the same time I informed the President that the new law relating to presumptives placed an undue, unfair and uncalled-for hardship on a large number of veterans whose records were incomplete or had been lost, and urged in the name of all veterans that the drastic program of closing the hospitals and turning thousands of veterans out on the streets be modified. I told the President there were other injustices which we would discuss with him later. Accordingly, on April 27th, I again went to the White House and protested strongly against an order then ready to be

issued by the Veterans Administration abandoning regional offices of the Veterans Administration and centralizing veterans' activities in Washington. I pointed out at that time that such a step would amount to the denial to the vast majority of veterans of the right to argue their cases before the boards in their own communities—and was an uncalled-for injustice.

Again, on May 10th, I was at the White House. We reviewed all of the previous specific requests for abatement of injustices and that evening the President's secretary issued a statement. This was published in last month's issue of the *Monthly*, but I repeat it:

"As a result of conferences between the President, the National Commander of The American Legion, Louis Johnson, and the Director of the Budget, the following conclusions have been reached.

"As a result of the application of the veterans' regulations, it now seems that the cut in compensation of service-connected World War veterans with specific injuries has been deeper than was originally intended. The regulations and schedules in this respect will, therefore, be reviewed so as to effect more equitable levels

of payment. Careful study also will be made of the other regulations and their effects.

"By reason of the burden incident to re-rating and in order that undue hardship will not be imposed upon veterans in their application for adjudication of their cases, regional offices of the Veterans Administration will not be closed as has been reported, except where it has been clearly demonstrated that regional facilities are not necessary.

"It is not contemplated that Government hospitals will be closed pending a careful, studious survey of the entire hospital situation. This, of necessity, will require considerable time.

"These conclusions are in line with the President's original statement that the regulations and schedules would be drafted so as to effect the most humane possible treatment of veterans truly disabled in war service."

This message marks the real beginning of the revision of the Economy Act and was the background of all that followed. The wisdom of the Legion course was justified. The Legion was successfully "coming through" for our disabled. That revision then proceeded for more than a month under dramatic circumstances and culminated with the passage of the highly-liberalizing amendments by Congress in its final hours.

The story of what happened after the President issued his statement is the story of repeated conferences between the Director of the Budget, certain officials of the Veterans Administration and administration leaders in Congress on one side, and officials of The American Legion and the Legion's friends on the other side. It is the story of an aroused public sentiment, manifested throughout the country as the drastic character of the Economy Act's provisions relating to individual service men became known.

It is the story of valiant efforts by United States Senators and Representatives, who, theretofore misled in part by untrue propaganda, now ignored party lines to work out by compromise substitute provisions to replace some of the cruel features of the Economy Act. It is the story of the efficient working of the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee under Watson B. Miller, its chairman, and the National Legislative Committee, under Ray Murphy of Iowa and John Thomas Taylor, its chairman and vice-chairman. The men of these two committees were tireless in the work by which injustice and cruelty embodied in the new regulations were swiftly analyzed, exposed and given to the country to confound our critics and bring back public support.

I wish that, without risk of omitting some who should be recognized, I could mention by name our experts who did most. The skilled studies they made of the operation of the new law showed clearly how far beyond reason the proposed cuts in pension payments had gone, the injustices which were to be inflicted (Continued on page 42)



*Pabst  
Blue Ribbon  
Beer  
Yesterday's,  
Today's  
and Tomorrow's  
Standard  
of Quality*



**PABST**  
**BLUE RIBBON**  
*The Beer of Quality*

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# We're on the Right Road

(Continued from page 41)

on men arbitrarily deprived of service connection, the fallacy of the proposed method of driving from hospitals men who had long been entitled to hospitalization. The "double-checked" facts and figures I carried to the President—though at first disputed—were convincing in their accuracy and knowledge of the technical points involved. These facts and figures, given to the whole country by the Legion, helped turn the tide of public sentiment which, misled by those opposed to even fair treatment for the nation's truly disabled, had been running against us since last summer when a nation-wide campaign to discredit the service man and the Legion was conducted somewhat successfully.

It was The American Legion which revealed to the country the evil potentialities of the Economy Act and prevented July 1st from being made a day of national tragedy. It was your Legion—my Legion—which bore the brunt of the attacks against veterans, but which now was successfully carrying the load to secure fair treatment. Every Legion Department, every Legion post showed itself sensitive to the dangers which faced our disabled comrades, and one and all they supplied to their Senators and Representatives at Washington exact and embarrassing information as to the real effect of the law—the effect upon Jim and John and George, the men known to everybody in their communities. Hypothetical cases cited by the Legion in Washington could not be so convincing as these flesh and blood cases from back home—cases in whose handling even humanity was often lacking. When the country spoke in terms of these, Congress acted.

The emergence of the disabled service men's cause in the final days of Congress was dramatic. The veterans' foes, who had inspired and conducted the national campaign of calumny against the service man and our organization, concluded when the Economy Act was enacted that the soldier was a dead national issue. They had buried him, they thought, deep under the surface of national consciousness, and they had piled above him steel rails of prejudice. Their malicious and false job was done. Yet, here he was, as Congress was preparing to adjourn. He had risen from the grave they had made for him and he could not be denied. He was not alone now, for the public, which had been led to distrust him once, now saw clearly the nature of the deception which had been used to make him unpopular in his former hour of trial. By his side, too, were other champions whose allegiance in some cases had wavered in that earlier hour of trial—the Senators and Representatives who had supported the Economy Act blindly—some say to their everlasting chagrin and humiliation

that they voted for it without even reading it or having knowledge of its effect—only to regret their action when they saw how it was being carried out.

While President Roosevelt was announcing his plans to liberalize the Economy Act regulations, particularly to save the battle wounded from extreme cuts, Congress found an opportunity to express its desire for a thorough shaking-up of the Economy Act's provisions. It found this opportunity when the Independent Offices Appropriation Bill came up for consideration. This measure included the sum re-

Director of the Budget by delegations from both Houses, of concessions by the President, of protracted efforts in many conferences to reconcile the differing provisions of Senate and House amendments, of the decisive testimony of Watson B. Miller, the Legion's Rehabilitation chairman, to key groups in Congress and, finally, of the threat of a veto if the measure should be passed in a form unacceptable to the President.

There was drama, too, in the circumstances surrounding the actual passage of the bill after midnight on the morning of June 16th. The delay in reaching an agreement on this issue had kept Congress in session for a whole week after it had disposed of practically all of the pressing problems which confronted it in a tremendously important session. The whole nation watched the final scenes of the drama.

When the House and Senate were deadlocked after the failure of the conferees of the two Houses to reconcile differences in the various plans for liberalizing the Economy Act's provisions, President Roosevelt decided the issue by announcing the terms of liberalization which would be acceptable to him. It was these terms which were embodied in the measure that both Houses passed. The White House plan, however, derived its spirit in part from the terms which originated in the House and Senate, and the liberalization granted went far beyond the hopes entertained for revision of the Economy Act when Congress first demonstrated its intention to remake the law.

An amendment introduced by Senator Tom Connally of Texas to restrict cuts to disabled men and widows and orphans to 25 percent of the sum they had been receiving on March 20, 1933, was the subject of prolonged debate. With modifications, however, this proposal prevailed.

An amendment submitted by Senator Cutting of New Mexico and Senator Steiner of Oregon proposed that those receiving payments for presumptive service connected disabilities under the old law should continue to receive payments under the new law, subject only to the general reduction of 25 percent provided for by the Connally amendment. The compromise worked out on this, at the President's direction, provided for the continuance of payments to the presumptive service connected men, at 75 percent of former payments, reviews of these cases to be concluded before October 31st to determine whether their disabilities should be considered as service connected. To conduct these examinations, the law authorized the creation of independent boards.

President Roosevelt, in his compromise proposal submitted on June 6th, gave as-

## IMPORTANT NOTICE TO PRESUMPTIVE CASES

**T**HE special presidential boards which have been appointed to review the folders of World War veterans whose disabilities have been connected with service by presumption will probably be required to base their decisions and findings upon the evidence as shown in the veterans' folders.

**I**t is, therefore, of the greatest importance to these veterans to obtain immediately any lay or medical evidence available which would indicate that their disabilities resulted from the military or naval service. This is especially important in the cases of those whose presumptive service connection was based on first showing of disability more than one or two years after discharge.

quired to make payments to veterans under the Economy Act, and both the House and the Senate determined that the amounts for this purpose called for in the bill as presented were inadequate.

It was by amending this bill that the House and Senate reconstructed the Economy Act and robbed it of its capacity to inflict irreparable harm to disabled veterans. The opening gun in Congress's campaign was the addition of \$8,000,000 to the Independent Offices bill for the purpose of keeping open the regional offices which were scheduled to close. This insured that all beneficiaries listed for removal from the rolls would at least have an opportunity to plead their cases with the Veterans Administration. The Legion single-handed carried on the fight to continue these regional offices.

The story of how the Independent Offices Appropriation Bill was amended to save for veterans the most substantial rights taken away from them by the Economy Act is more than dramatic. It is the story of Democratic caucuses and a round robin signed by Republicans, of passionate debates on both floors, of repeated visits to the White House and the

surances that no compensation for direct service connection would be reduced more than 25 percent and that the average reduction would be 18 percent. He also promised increases for most seriously disabled battle casualties from \$150 to \$175 monthly, and increases for totally disabled men without service connection from \$20 to \$30 a month. The President's proposal was unacceptable to both the House and the Senate because it contemplated no provision for presumptive cases.

The main difference between the Steiwer-Cutting amendment in the Senate and the House plan which finally prevailed was in the character of the examinations authorized for the presumptive cases. The Steiwer-Cutting amendment sought to have the burden of proof of non-service connection placed more emphatically upon the Government. It contemplated continuance of recognition of January 1, 1925, as the date of presumptive service connection for tuberculosis, mental and nervous diseases and certain other ailments.

In the handling of this whole matter, we followed the policy of revealing to the President, to the Congress and to the country, the defects and injustices of the Economy Act, relying upon the President and Congress to make the changes demanded by humanity and fair play. What Congress and the President have done is not all that we could have wished them to do, but it is far more than they might have been expected to do when the Economy Act was first set up and the American people, ignorant of its true nature, were approving it as an important means of bringing the country out of the depression.

Newspaper headlines have misleadingly referred to the result as a defeat of the organized veteran. *It is not that.* On the contrary, when one remembers the temper of public opinion at the time of the Economy Act's passage, its liberalization constitutes a legislative phenomenon wholly favorable to the service man. It stands not for the defeat of the veteran nor for his vainglorious triumph, but rather as an inspiring demonstration of the capacity of truth and right to prevail against obstacles.

Furthermore, the amendments to the terms of the Economy Act already made do not represent the final steps in changing that law. They were made in the spirit of compromise, and time will require that they be extended and amplified. I still have confidence that President Roosevelt and Congress will be guided in their further considerations of this law by the actual evidences of its operation.

In this spirit, our Legion may be proud of the part we have played. We are still traveling the traditional road of The American Legion, the road of moderation and unselfishness, and because we took that road and avoided the other we go forward stronger than ever to fight the future battles of the truly disabled man. We bid for a restoration of public confidence in the Legion and we have won it. The road before us is open and, thank God, it is the right road.

*"What's wrong, Bill—cooties after all these years?"*

*"No . . . this blankety-blank underwear of mine is trying to saw me in half."*

*"Why don't you get wise to Arrow Underwear with the Seamless Crotch?"*

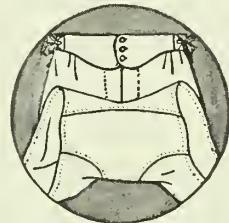
Arrow has taken that old trouble-maker—the seam in the crotch—and exiled it to regions where it's entirely harmless.

Arrow Seamless Crotch Shorts allow you perfect freedom of movement . . . they never chafe or bind!

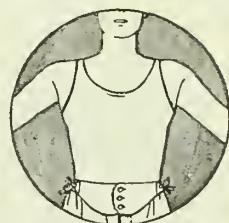
What's more, Arrow Shorts keep their ample leg and seat room because they're Sanforized Shrunk. They'll stay your correct size — no matter how many times they're laundered.

Arrow Undershirts are absorbent and elastic; they give you full chest coverage.

Get some Arrow Underwear today. Start enjoying the greatest underwear comfort you've ever known! ©1933 Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N.Y.



*The secret of Arrow Shorts comfort—no seam in the crotch!*



*Arrow Shorts and Undershirts—Each Garment, 50c up*

# ARROW UNDERWEAR

*Perfect fit guaranteed*

*Made by the makers of ARROW SHIRTS*

# Up in Smoke, One-Half Billion a Year

(Continued from page 11)

but who would look for it in a glass of water? Yet potassium of sodium thrown into water bursts at once into flames, while a few drops of water on gray, rocklike calcium carbide produce acetylene gas. Many fires have been caused by water. Fire is continually originating in the most unexpected places, from unexpected means or ways—by the spark from an accidental hammer blow in a room containing gasoline fumes, even by the well-meant action of a hospital nurse in oiling the body of a live-steam victim and covering him with blankets—in this case, spontaneous combustion cost the life of the patient.

**I**NVENTION is a constant hazard; new devices and processes are continually introducing elements of the greatest danger. The versatile but highly inflammable celluloid is a case in point. There is also a lacquer used in shoe manufacturing and known to the trade as "dope;" it is prepared from celluloid scrap and its use in a wooden shed was the starting point of the thirteen-million-dollar Salem, Massachusetts, conflagration in 1914. The giant new industry of moving-pictures was not generally supposed to be hazardous until disastrous fires and serious loss of life resulted from it. There is a well-recognized fire hazard in incubators, in curling-irons, in rain-coat manufacture, in various polishing, cleaning and sweeping compounds, and in countless other products and processes. With the daily use of fire for cooking, heating, commerce, industry, art, science or pleasure by almost every individual in every community; with sparks borne by the winds from smoke stacks and chimneys; with barns and houses burned by lightning; with the omnipresent commercial electricity always ready to transform itself into fire through some defect in transmission; and with fire lurking unseen in the incessant stream of devices emanating from the busy brains of our inventors, there can be small wonder that appalling destruction marks the pathway of man's most useful servant.

Thus, intentionally or unintentionally, fires are constantly being caused. Next they try to grow. The tiniest flame is ambitious to become a conflagration and will do so if given a chance. It is a common saying among fire-fighters that the first five minutes at a fire are more important than the next five hours. Fanned by a strong wind fires sometimes spread with such speed that people have been run down by flames in the open.

The spread of fire is a question of combustible conditions; however, one fact must not be overlooked in considering either cause or spread—at every phase of its existence, fire is subject to natural laws. There is nothing truly mysterious about it; it is a proper subject for scientific study.

It is perfectly possible to learn all the ways in which fire may be caused and so to learn how not to cause it; as it also is practicable to determine the factors governing the spread of fire and to use this knowledge in preventing the spread. Thus fire prevention and fire resistance on their physical side are strictly matters of applied science.

If a survey were made of a number of dissimilar manufacturing plants and the hazards of each tabulated, certain hazards would be found common to all. These are termed common hazards. Expand this survey to include all buildings within a city, and again we find common hazards. An analysis of the common hazards of a large number of cities discloses that hazards common to one are, in the main, common to each of the others. This can be readily verified by comparing fire causes of individual cities and towns. Such a comparison, based on records extending over a period of years, will also disclose that by far the greater number of fires are due to these common hazards.

The question naturally arises, "What are these common hazards and how can they be safeguarded in order to reduce the fire waste?"

Broadly stated, they are: Improper building construction, defective installation of equipment supplying power, heat and light, and improper or careless storage, handling and transportation of explosive and inflammable materials and liquids.

With the hazards known and measured, it follows that the safeguarding of the city or village can best be accomplished through properly enforced regulations in the form of ordinances. In the past, however, while these needs have been recognized, municipalities have been seriously handicapped by their inability to secure the service of competent men on committees charged with the drawing up of ordinances. And politics, too, has often barred the way to proper regulations.

Fire chiefs in each community are charged with the proper conduct of the fire department for the protection of the community and its people from the ravages of fire. It is the job of a fire chief to see that all fires, regardless of size, are extinguished. By virtue of his office it is imputed to him, either expressed or implied, to be ever vigilant that fire may not break out and work havoc and woe in his city or town. He is the sentinel of the people, watching and waiting for the common enemy to make the slightest sign of life. It is his duty to check it in its incipiency.

**N**O ONE is better qualified to know a fire hazard than the man who is called upon to fight these hazards, namely, the fire chief. These men know how fires start, and knowing how they start know how to prevent them; that is, by removing the cause. Fire

prevention is just as essential to the duty of a fire chief as the prevention of crime is to the police chief. A real live fire chief does not take as much credit for extinguishing fires as he does for preventing them. A real live fire chief studies the fire losses, makes comparisons between his city or town and other cities and towns, and plans to reduce the fire losses in his community. If there are no laws to help him he goes to the city council or the legislature and asks for action. He shows that body that he needs action or backing, and then generally gets it. He then appoints a bureau of inspection and assigns to that bureau men who are particularly well qualified to do inspection work. He makes a thorough inspection of his community and keeps at it, over and over, ever vigilant. He soon can point with pride to definitely good results.

Some communities are not large enough to warrant a bureau to do this work. The chief himself, or one or two men, can take care of it in the smaller places.

**A**LARGE fire is oftentimes proof either of incompetency in inspection service or of timidity in securing fire protection. Timidity springs from the fact that the paid fire chief's job is at bottom political, while in the case of the volunteer chief it is more often caused by fear of personal unpopularity and public reprisals with their attendant effects upon his livelihood or business. In every community there are buildings which are a menace to the city, in which owners will not install adequate fire protection. It is difficult to make building codes retroactive; and the power of taxation cannot, it seems, be effectively applied to discourage owners of fire-traps from continuing to gather in rents from them. Buildings of this sort endanger the city day and night, and impose a higher insurance rate upon the property of all their neighbors.

In solving this problem of wiping out conflagration hazards, the new plan of an influential local fire prevention committee is calculated to serve. Surrounded by a group of leading citizens, the fire chief secures the moral support that makes it possible for him to express his knowledge of conditions without fear of personal persecution.

He will not have to make his fight alone. He can place the fire hazard map before the committee and indicate the black spot through which half or all of the city may be swept by the right kind of fire on the right kind of day or night. The committee itself can then tactfully approach the owner of the black spot and point out to him his civic obligation, and if he cannot see it at first the committee can create sufficient public opinion to clarify his vision.

Students of fire waste problems have

reached the conclusion that while general education is valuable a direct attack upon fire hazards through local organizations created for the purpose is indispensable. For twenty-five years engineering efforts have been expended in evolving methods of fighting the fire waste. We have all the technical knowledge anybody needs for fire protection. And yet the fire losses continue to cost the nation approximately \$500,000,000 per year. What then is the next step? What can be better than a sustained local effort fostered by those citizens of the municipalities who are alive to the significance of the fire waste and the present dire need for its abatement?

Every fire chief knows that too much water damage results from nearly every fire in the closely built districts, but he also knows that with one, two, or three pieces of apparatus he cannot afford to take a chance—that it is a case of "drowning" or conflagration.

A good waterworks system is any town's most fundamental utility. It is the first and most necessary step in the development of a town.

The essentials of fire fighting may be said to be as follows: First-class, standard apparatus, located where it may quickly reach the scene of the blaze, and manned by a scientifically trained, well-disciplined personnel.

A great many fires get out of hand because one or more of these essentials has been overlooked. Apparatus of a sub-standard variety fails. The firemen lack the knowledge for successfully battling the blaze, or the distance between fire and station house is so great that by the time the engine gets there, the fire has done the utmost possible damage.

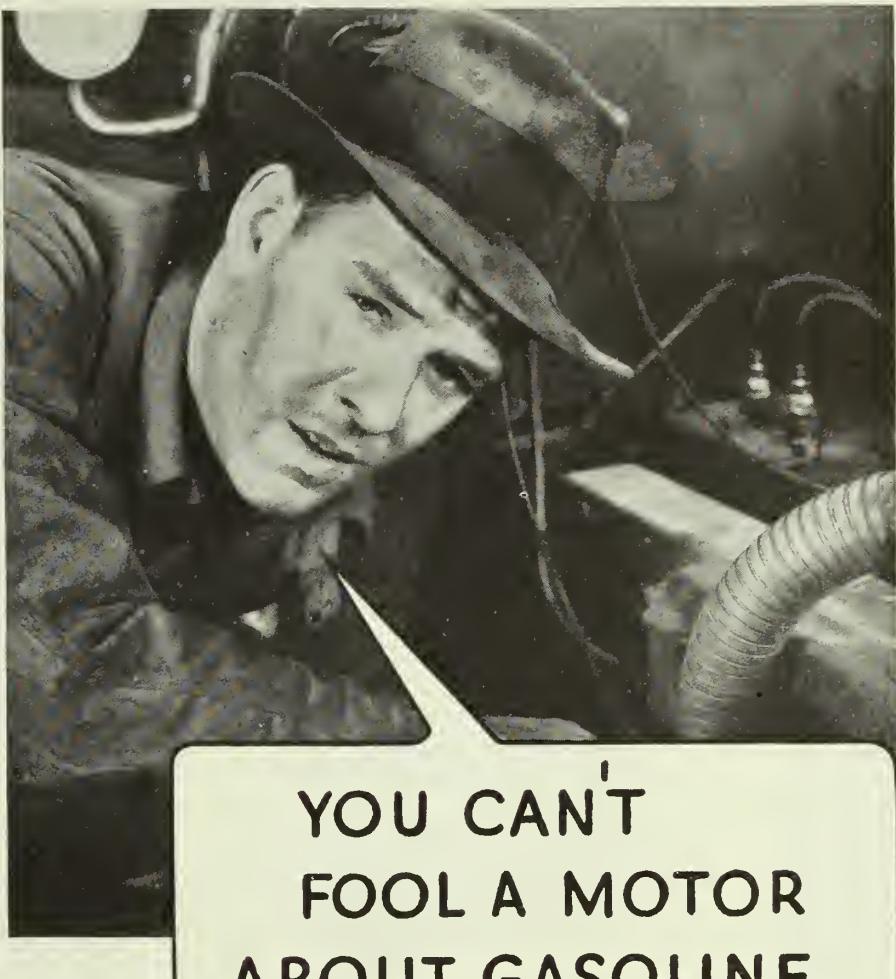
It is a fact that all of the essentials may be had, at reasonable cost, by any community—even those which are small. In various States great success has been achieved in building good rural fire fighting units. An engine is situated in a strategic point, where it may be sent on short notice to a number of farms and villages round about. An experienced fire chief, whose pay is shared by the communities involved, is hired to develop the organization. The saving of one farm and its lives compensates for maintenance of the department.

Every fire reaches into every pocketbook—threatens every piece of property in the community—endangers every life. It is a tragic, an unnecessary waste.

The American Legion has declared fire prevention to be one of its major activities.

No body of men could be better equipped to fight fire at home than these soldiers who fought the fires of war in France. It is a peacetime undertaking worthy of them, and for which the public should be grateful.

Percy F. Garnett, a member of Mill Valley (California) Post, is technical adviser to the Conservation and Fire Prevention Commission, The American Legion, Department of California.



## YOU CAN'T FOOL A MOTOR ABOUT GASOLINE

"YOU TAKE the best car made and pour in cheap gasoline and what have you got? A half-hearted car, nine chances out of ten. No motor can be any better than the gasoline you feed it. That's why Ethyl makes *any* engine run better.

"I know what I'm talking about. A car doesn't know what you pay for gasoline and doesn't care. It just takes whatever kind of power you give it and hands you back that same kind of performance.

"My advice is, take care of your car—use good oil—and Ethyl Gasoline! The Ethyl will give you all the pleasure and performance your car's got in it and save a lot of motor trouble and unnecessary repair bills." Remember: *The world's highest quality motor fuel is the cheapest gasoline you can buy in the long run.* Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York City.



NEXT TIME STOP  
AT THE **ETHYL** PUMP

# Why a Marine Corps Reserve?

(Continued from page 23)

Marines must be ready to proceed within twenty-four hours to seize, secure and hold advance naval bases in any part of the world.

The Naval War College studies and plans definitely for every conceivable situation that might arise. Of course, the plans do not contemplate anything other than a defensive war, but that may mean in many cases going far away from our own shores, because we have possessions strung out all over the world. Our defense very likely would first be in some other part of the world. Unlike other nations, we do not have a great many naval bases, and therefore any operations far from our own shores would be dependent upon the securing of naval bases for our operations. The very essence of the war plans for securing naval bases consists of a well-trained naval landing force, and the Marines are trained for that very purpose. It is essential, therefore, that the Marine Corps have a small expeditionary force constantly ready for such service. There is no other force capable of doing that work. It is something that requires a highly specialized training. Every Marine is given this intensive special training at one of the Marine training centers before being sent out for general duty.

The General Board of the Navy has recently recommended that—

The Marine Corps be organized to provide forces for the execution of its war-time functions; primarily assisting the fleet in the seizure and initial defense of advanced bases; and secondarily, guarding naval shore stations.

The personnel of the Marine Corps so organized be employed in peace time as (1) nuclei of expeditionary forces, (2) ships' detachments, (3) foreign-duty forces as necessary, (4) garrison forces, (5) administrative, training, and supply forces.

The peace-time enlisted strength of the

Marine Corps be approximately one-fifth of the actual enlisted strength of the Navy.

THE above recommendation is not a new policy, but is rather a restatement to emphasize the fact that the Marine Corps is not merely a police force.

The mission of the Marine Corps Reserve is to provide a trained force of officers and enlisted men available to serve as reinforcements, as an expeditionary force, to the regular Marine Corps in time of war or national emergency.

A comparatively few Marines at an advanced base in the early stages of a defensive war would be like the proverbial ounce of prevention. Admiral Dewey made the statement that if there had been 5000 Marines at Manila, the city would have capitulated, and there would have been no insurrection at all. Likewise it was stated by the highest naval command that if an adequate force of Marines had been at Havana there would have been no Spanish-American War, that Havana would have capitulated at that time, which would have saved thousands of American lives and millions of dollars.

The Marine Corps is the only branch of the service that has been in combat since the World War. In fact the corps has faced a hostile enemy for a total of 103 years out of the 157 years of our national existence.

The military mission of the Marine Corps requires advanced training so that the Marines may be fully prepared for an emergency. Likewise the Marine Reserve must be trained to fill the gap between the outbreak of war and the mobilization of the National Guard or Army Reserve. The President can order the Marine Reserves to proceed within twenty-four hours to any part of the world as combat troops. The National Guard cannot be mobilized without an act of Congress. The Army

Reserve must be recruited and trained. The Marine Reservist must pass the same physical test as the regular. He is given, as a reservist, the same training. He must shoot for rifle qualification annually at camp.

There are now 267 officers and 3400 men in the organized Fleet Marine Reserve who drill weekly and are trained for two weeks in training camps during the summer. There are 120 reserve pilots but only forty of these can attend their training camp for group flying. However, all officers and men in the reserve aviation drill almost weekly throughout the year. Then there are the former regular Marines who are in the inactive reserve. Most of the organized Reserves are young men between 18 and 22 without prior military service.

The largest problem in training the Marine Reserve is financial. Because of their few numbers and the fact that the purpose or mission of the Marine Reserve is not clearly understood there has not been a sufficient appropriation for this service. No money is available for armory rental, weekly drill is held without pay, wool uniforms and overcoats are not issued, the men must buy shoes to drill in, and the funds for equipment and ammunition are too small. The members of the Marine Reserve solicit the support of the Legion for adequate appropriations to provide for adequate national defense. In the case of the Marine Reserve this sum would be less than one million dollars annually—the smallest item for Reserve activities. The appropriation for summer training should be large enough to give 5000 Reserves of the line and all of the aviators this essential training. The National Guard and Naval Reserve are organized along similar lines and receive weekly drill pay. Men doing equal service in the interest of national defense should receive equal pay.

## Up for Citizenship

(Continued from page 27)

performance of specific duties of citizenship those who are "conscientious objectors," or women, or males not between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-one, or who, being between those ages, are disqualified by mental or physical impediments. It is a question of what the Constitution contemplates as the fundamental obligation of every citizen in this respect, if, as and when called upon.

How can the Government consider any belief, whether it be called "religious" or not, rightful of exercise if such exercise weakens, endangers and jeopardizes, proportionately with the number who claim the right, the safety of the entire nation?

Is this putting the government ahead of God? Or is it simply rendering unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's?

Now, is bearing arms in the defense of this country, when, as and if required by the Government, without reservation or qualification of any kind, the duty of every citizen?

The Constitution gives in its preamble as one of its purposes: "To provide for the common defense." This, so far as I can see, means defense for *all*. But by whom? By some? By those who have no religious scruples against defending at that particular time and under those particular circumstances?

The Constitution further gives the Congress the power to declare war and to raise and support armies. What kind of a war? For the heathen and uneducated only? And armies of what particular men who are citizens?

A constitution which admittedly stands for equal rights, privileges and duties must be given a marvelously distorted construction to contemplate that one citizen shall be compelled to give up his life in its service because of his very loyalty to and love for it, and that another is justified and protected in refusing to do so because of a religious conviction.

Now I request the reader to turn back

to the extract from the record at the beginning of this paper. Let it be credited to Dr. MacIntosh that he does not put the responsibility directly on God—the courts have done that for him. He says:

"I should want to be free to judge as to the necessity . . ."

"I do not undertake to support 'my country right or wrong' . . ."

"I am not willing to promise beforehand . . ."

"I am willing to do what I judge to be in the best interests of my country, but only insofar as I can . . ."

But it is all entirely consistent. It demonstrates the true character of this "allegiance to God" business more clearly and forcibly than any argument I might advance. The practical truth, which we will not and somehow cannot face, is that a man's religious convictions come from the same source as his convictions as to his business problems—namely, his brain. His religious tastes proceed from the same mental processes that produce his tastes in color, music and form. These gentlemen who claim special privilege in citizenship upon religious grounds simply say that as to the products of their brains which they do not catalog as "religious" they admit the governmental right of restriction; as to the remainder they do not. But where is the magic that places a man's self-styled "religious beliefs," no matter what may be their nature or how unlimited their ramifications, in some *sanctum sanctorum* immune from defilement by either the enforced performance of a public duty or the restriction of unlawful conduct? Religious belief has never been recognized as a legal excuse for an attempt to destroy the Government. What makes it an excuse for refusing to prevent the Government's destruction?

To place the same sanctity upon one's own personal conception of the "will" of the Supreme Being as upon that Supreme Being Himself is simply to transfer the holy reverence due God to the products of the human intellect concerning His attributes and desires, and to satisfy one's ego under guise of glorifying God. But this is one of the most remarkable and persistent manifestations of the vanity of man demonstrated by history.

From the standpoint of The American Legion, if it be true that "millions of splendid citizens hold the views thus outlawed" (and a whole Circuit Court of Appeals and four out of the nine judges of the United States Supreme Court believe that bearing arms in the defense of this country is not the *duty* of *every* citizen when called upon, but an entirely optional matter depending upon the "religious" whim of each individual who professes the unified sanctity of "me und Gott"), then the situation becomes subtly dangerous.

All these gentlemen are far from illiterate. Most of them are much more educated than I. Their high intellectual standing, together with the fact that the theory they (Continued on page 48)

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WHETHER it's business, a casual drive or a long trip, you don't want the battery in your car to give you any trouble. Batteries look alike, but there are great differences in their reliability, performance and life. The best insurance against battery trouble is to put an Exide in your car. Exide has made batteries for power plants, telephones, railroads and scores of other vital uses for nearly half a century. Play safe and buy a battery that has *proved* to millions of motorists—"When it's an Exide—you start."

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# Up for Citizenship

(Continued from page 47)

advocate raises the banner of "religion," awes the average citizen into dumb impotency of thought.

But they have no justification in thinking that war is less repellent to the rest of us than it is to them. I challenge them to assume that they are more martyrs to the cause of peace than those whose bodies lie beneath the white crosses of France.

The thing that every right-minded citizen is vitally interested in is that if the terrible calamity of war should through any misfortune again befall our country, we may be assured of the unified, equal, full, unequivocal and whole-hearted service of every citizen in whatever task the Government assigns him. It matters not whether the refusal to bear arms is the result of the sincerest religious belief, the most intellectual moral principle or the basest and most cowardly of selfish motives—the effect on the Government and on the rest of us is the same.

In plain fact, the individual who is refused citizenship because he will not bear arms in defense of the country either at any time or at such times as it does not suit his religious or moral convenience is not discriminated against because of that belief, but rather the belief which he has prevents him from acting as a citizen is clearly required to act under certain circumstances, and thereby discriminates against the country of which he desires to become a citizen.

And one whose religious beliefs are inconsistent with this concept, and who sincerely feels that he cannot in justice to his God pledge himself to bear arms in the defense of the country of which he desires the privilege of citizenship if called upon, is unfit to take his place in the ranks of the citizenry of that country. Still worse is he who is already wearing the honored badge of that citizenship and who holds the views which have been so clearly repudiated by

the highest court of our land and by common sense as well. When a man continues to accept the benefits and privileges which an organized government gives him and refuses to give in return the services which it demands of him for its defense, he is taking something without paying the price.

There can be but one single test of citizenship applied to all. If there is anything "un-American" it is any theory which does not have that equality as a basis, and which says that no Christian could defend his country if his own personal ideas differed from the properly expressed decision of the body to whom that power is given by the very Constitution under which he claims his right.

*Frank A. Mathews, Jr., who was Department Commander of New Jersey in 1925-26, is a former judge of the district court of the first judicial district of Burlington County in that State.*

## Dog Days

(Continued from page 9)

of living up to the reputation that Iffy had established for him, "Naw suh," he announced, broadcasting his remarks to the world at large, "some place, somehow, us quartermasters de rations for my fur-bearin' friends. Can't go back on whut Iffy is told dem dogs. Like as not he bragged me up fust class count I fed him so good. Only thing us kin do is agitate around, git a job and supply dog meat for Iffy and his cumrades."

The Wildcat's problem remained unsolved during a six-hour siesta. Lady Luck's orphan slept again in the shade of a roadside tree, but instead of having one dog on guard, this time there were seven who lingered beside the sleeper, confident that when he awakened the same magic that had supplied Iffy's banquet would again solve the food problem.

The Wildcat woke up in a circle of dogs on whose faces he read trust in the future and confidence in their two-legged chieftain.

"Got to do somethin' fur dese dogs," he announced, speaking to an inner and lazier self that suggested prolonging the pleasant siesta under the roadside oak. "Got to feed dese dogs somehow. The main thing is to do it right away. Supper ain't gwine to do these hungry dogs no good a week from now. Most of dem looks like dey is starvin' . . . For dat matter so is us. Feet, git a-goin'! Lead me outen dis trouble and into de Promis' Land."

His tramping feet led him down the road. Over the portal of the Promised Land there was a sign, "Pioneer Boarding Kennels,"

but the Wildcat's realization of Lady Luck's presence was delayed by his inability to read. A loud chorus of barking dogs burst forth in greeting to the Wildcat's seven companions. "Hot damn! Where dey is dat many dogs some of 'em is bound to eat. Like as not dis place is a dog boardin' house. I goes in, hire myself to the man, and from den on Iffy and his pals is in clover."

The process of hiring himself to Dr. Jeff Samson, the proprietor of the Pioneer kennels, began with a casual mention of wages, but when the negotiations were complete the Wildcat's contract did not include any cash reward for his services. "I'll give you a job helping around the kennels five or six hours a day," Dr. Samson offered. "I'll pay you dog food for your seven dogs and that's all. You've got to rustle grub for yourself. There's a lot of odd jobs you can pick up around the neighborhood that will keep you going."

Keeping going was the one problem that the Wildcat craved to avoid. What he wanted was to stop some place near a given point completely surrounded by something to eat. He closed the contract with Dr. Samson under a dog meat inspiration that hit him like a ton of bricks. "Yas suh, cunnel, us takes de job. Where at will I pen up dis covey of dogs dat Iffy is leadin'?"

"Put them over in the west yard—and don't call me colonel. My name is Dr. Samson."

"Yas indeed, Doctor." To himself, "Mighty spindly man for such a big strong

name. Bible Samson must be a million times as strong as dis Samson man."

Dr. Samson pulled himself up to his towering height of five feet one and looked at the Wildcat. "Pen your dogs up in the west yard over there and come along with me. I'll show you what to feed the patients and the boarders . . . Where did you get that Airedale?" Dr. Samson pointed to Iffy.

"Got him a long way back. Me and Iffy covered a mighty lot of ground together."

"Seems like I've seen him before," the doctor declared. "He isn't one of the Valiant Boy-Ranger Queen dogs, is he?"

"Naw suh—Iffy jest plain dog."

"For a plain dog he has some mighty good points," the diminutive Samson returned. "You'd better clean up his coat when you get a chance. Give him the end kennel by the water faucet."

"Yas suh." To himself, "Whut Iffy wants more than penning up is a square meal."

Under Dr. Samson's tuition the Wildcat began a career as waiter, bellhop and housekeeper to the local dog population. To offset this hard luck he discovered that the canned dog rations were somewhat better food than he had eaten in the army during the battle of Bordeaux. "Dat ol' canned meat in de army wasn't half so luscious as dis dog nutriment. No vegetables in dat meat. Dis suits me mighty noble."

"Where are you boarding?" Dr. Samson inquired three days after the Wildcat

began his new job as chief canine caretaker.

Here was a chance for a good lie. "Boy at de hot dog stand down de road puts out mighty tasty rations," the Wildcat parried. There was no need of telling white folks too much about Lady Luck's latest favor.

"You're leading sort of a dog's life," Dr. Samson suggested, smiling. "Kennel dogs at one end and hot dogs at the other."

"Yas suh, sho' is."

"Where did those two hounds come from that are in the west yard?" The veterinary exhibited an annoying curiosity about his latest pair of boarders.

"Some lady brung dem dogs in here," the Wildcat answered. He got away with this evasion of the truth. Thereafter from day to day according to the Wildcat's statements lots of ladies drifted in, bringing their dogs to the Pioneer Boarding Kennels.

At a moment when the west yard was crowded with twenty dogs all boarding at Dr. Samson's expense, he began to suspect the truth. His suspicions were confirmed when he discovered among the population of the west yard a notorious tramp dog known throughout the district as being ownerless. "Where did that black dog come from?" he asked the Wildcat pointing to the tramp.

"Fat man brung him in dis mornin'. Fat man said he was goin' away for a while."

Dr. Samson spiked the Wildcat with a brief statement of fact. "The fat man isn't going away," he said mildly. "You're going away. You've been lying to me about these dogs ever since you got here. I never saw dog meat disappear so fast. I love dogs but this wholesale epidemic is more than I can afford. You're fired. Hit the grit and take your dogs with you!"

"Yas suh, us is hittin'."

Cast out of the Promised Land, "Well, Iffy," the Wildcat said to his old time companion, "dat Samson man kaint take dem noble meals away from us. Been three weeks dat me and you and yo' dog friends is et free." He headed down the road toward the hot dog stand where he had banqueted on the strength of the three half dollars that Lady Luck had given him. There was no chance of repeating the banquet but the Wildcat figured that an exchange of conversation with the proprietor of the lunch counter might be pleasant. At least he could feast his eyes on a heaven of tempting rations. "Man might be puttin' out some samples or somethin'. Come along here, Iffy. Trot dem dog friends along wid us. Don't let dese dogs get spread out too much. Don't aim to git none of 'em hit with no auto."

The proprietor of the hot dog stand was more affable than the Wildcat expected. He spoke pleasantly to the Wildcat. "Wait just a minute," he said after the first salutation. "I want to ask you some more about those dogs." He turned away from the lunch counter and walked into a sleeping room at the rear of his establishment. (Continued on page 50)



## "It's Good to Hear Your VOICE"

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# Dog Days

(Continued from page 49)

The Wildcat heard him call a number on the telephone and then, "I've got a job for you," the hot dog man said. "Come over here right away."

Here was a man with jobs. Maybe he had a job for the Wildcat. Nothing like trying. "You got any jobs around here whut us kin do to earn a meal?" he asked when the man came back.

THE hot dog man began a complex parley relative to the Wildcat's qualifications for a job. The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of a low blue police car that had broken the speed record en route from Sunnyview. "That man must be mighty hungry the way he's leapin' up to dis counter," the Wildcat commented inwardly. But instead of displaying an eagerness for food, the newcomer baptized the Wildcat with one harsh command. "Come along with me," he said, displaying a police star plenty big enough to petrify the Wildcat's vocal organs. "Get in that car."

The Wildcat batted his eyes. "Yass suh! Us is comin'!" He turned for a goodbye look at Iffy. The text of Iffy's farewell could not be spoken but the Wildcat saw a promise of eternal fealty in Iffy's eyes.

Eight minutes later in a cell in the Sunnyview jail, "Doggone it, Lady Luck, here us is! How come all dis ruckus with the police folks?"

A mild light was shed on the how come of the ruckus with the police folks when the Wildcat faced the bar of justice for a preliminary examination two hours later.

Old Man Trouble's victim catalogued his latest disdemeanors and decided that maybe he had violated some new law about accumulating packs of dogs. "Chances is de white folks got a law whereas does a boy mess wid more dan ten dogs in one gang, he is hereby promulgated to jail."

The culprit surveyed the agents of the law and the innocent bystanders that had congregated in the domicile of justice. "Dat's de hot dog man. Wonder whut he wants in de place? Dere is dat man whut arrested me. Maybe he knows whut crime I done. Wish Lady Luck would come here."

Seated outside the railing of the courtroom were half a dozen more men. The Wildcat took a second look at the dignified gentleman in the aisle seat. "Mighty pompous lookin' man. Bet dat man is a judge or somethin' like dat. Bet he's a mighty big man in some good lodge. Looks mighty fraternal and magniferous wid dat gold watch chain."

The Wildcat's inspection of the magniferous gentleman with the big watch chain ended abruptly with the first casual glance at the man seated next in line. The second man in the row was tall and angular. His

face was thin and he wore a wispy black mustache! "Hot damn! I see dat man befo'. He de man dat was wid dat sawed-off boy when dat old flivver burned up by de road. Wonder whut he doin' in dis jail place?"

The Wildcat's census was interrupted by a mild burst of language from the Judge. "Prisoner at the bar, what is your name?"

It took the Wildcat a moment to realize that he was the prisoner at the bar. He gulped. "My name Vitus Marsden, but de white folks calls me Wildcat. Us comes from Memphis, Ten-o-see, but I ain't done nothin'."

The judge held up his hand. "Never mind about that. I want to ask you some questions. First of all, did you ever see that gentleman before?" The judge pointed to the proprietor of the hot dog stand.

"Yas suh, Judge, us see him maybe a month ago for de fust time. Seed him to-day jest befo' the police folks got me."

"Where did you see him a month ago?"

"Seed him at de hot dog stand."

"What were you doing at his hot dog stand?"

"Fust thing I done was buy me and my Iffy dog some hot dogs. Next thing I done was buy some more hot dogs. When dat second rations was et, me and Iffy done bought some mo' hot dogs. Sho' was good." Memory of the hot dogs inspired the Wildcat's salivary glands. He clucked his lips, thinking of his gratifying hot dog festival.

"Do you remember what you paid for your hot dogs?"

"Sho' do, Judge. Remember mighty plain. Us was 'quipped wid a dollar and a half and spent it all right in one place. Fust hot dogs cost me fo' bits. Next two messes cost de same. I had me three mighty grand-lookin' fo'-bit pieces whut I paid out to de man for dat banquet."

WHAT do you mean when you say 'Mighty grand looking four bit pieces?'" the judge asked.

"Dey was brand shinin' new."

"That will do for the moment." The judge turned to the proprietor of the hot dog stand. "You will be sworn," the judge directed. When this was done, "You have heard the prisoner's statement. Did you observe the three half dollars that he paid you for the food he bought?"

"Yes, Judge, I did. They were brand new coins."

"Did you look at the date on them?"

"They were dated 1910. They had the mint mark of the San Francisco mint. I did not examine them until the banker there, Mr. Webster, called my attention to these facts after I read about the bank robbery and went to see him."

Robbery! Banker! The Wildcat batted his eyes. He was in deeper water than he had suspected.

The judge nodded to the proprietor of the hot dog stand. "That's all, Mr. Hutton. The prisoner will take the stand again."

Resuming his examination of the Wildcat, "Where did you get those three new and shining half dollars? I must tell you that you are not compelled to answer if your answer will tend to incriminate you."

"I found the half dollars laying in de road along side of de burned flivver whut dat gentleman dere wid de black mustache and a sort of a heavy set white man—"

A sharp exclamation from the thin-faced owner of the black mustache interrupted the Wildcat. Forthwith Lady Luck's orphan realized that he had made some sort of a serious mistake. Four of the white gentlemen began talking, all at once, and then there was a lull in the turmoil.

The judge looked at the Wildcat for a moment. "Would you recognize the heavy set white man that you spoke of if you should see him again?"

SHO' would, Judge. He was standin' by de burnin' flivver wid dat gentleman wid de black mustache and de fire from de gasoline made de place light as day. I seed him plain as I see you now. Know him any place."

At this, the march of the law seemed to halt. Within three minutes thereafter the Wildcat found himself back in his cell in jail. "Wonder whut I done now. De white folks acts like dey is fixin' to hang me. Never seed white men git so excited."

Through the narrow window of his cell the Wildcat looked out upon the unkind world. "Lady Luck, where at is you?" Instinctively his fingers found the torn pocket of his ragged shirt. "How come I had to lose dat rabbit foot? Dat's how come de white folks aims to festoon me wid jail misery." His gaze ranged from the tree tops down to the street which ran beside the jail. The troubled look on his face gave place to a smile. Parked in the shade of a tree between the sidewalk and the curb, surrounded by fourteen other somnolent dogs, lay Iffy. Iffy seemed to be in a reminiscent mood. He was stretched out on his stomach, his muzzle cradled in his front paws. Iffy's attitude suggested deep concentration. "Maybe he's thinkin' how kin he dig me out of here . . . Maybe he's figgerin' how kin he dig his way into dis jail house and keep me company."

The Wildcat was rescued from his cell an hour later by a trio of newspaper men. One of them gave the Wildcat a cigar. "Mighty pleasant white boys," Lady Luck's orphan decided, and his decision

was confirmed when he was requested to pose for his photograph against the outside wall of the jail. "Sho'ly, captain. Mighty glad to git my picture took free of charge," he agreed. "One thing I like mighty good is kin I have dis Iffy dog in de picture wid me?"

"We wouldn't want the picture without the dog in it," the camera man declared. "Set him up on that bench and stand along side of him. What's your dog's name?"

"Name Iffy." The Wildcat threw out his chest and cast a scornful glance at the pack of fourteen dogs who were helping witness the event. "Dem is good 'nuf dogs, Iffy, but dey ain't fust class like you is. Dem dogs ain't gwine to have no picture took. Nobody but you and me in dis picture."

"Aoouw-w," Iffy answered in pleasing voice. Nothing mattered much to Iffy, now that his two-legged black companion was with him again.

When the interview terminated, "I guess you'd better get back into jail now," one of the newspaper men suggested. "They're going to hold you until the trial but you needn't worry much about that." The speaker handed the Wildcat a five-dollar bill. "Much obliged for the story and the pictures."

The Wildcat blinked at this sudden good fortune. "Seems like nobody never kin tell nothin' about whut white folks gwine to do. Whut dis trial thing dat white boy said?" He turned and walked back toward the entrance of the jail. Inside the doorway, "Wish old Iffy could come into de jail. Don't see why de Lawd pesters folks wid jails nohow . . . Wonder how long dis jail business gwine to last?"

The jail business with its comfortable sleeping quarters, its satisfying rations and its congenial company terminated at a moment when the Wildcat had begun to hope that his sentence might carry him through the winter. There was a day in court and a brief hour during which the Wildcat confronted the black-mustached man and his heavy-set companion. The judge asked the Wildcat some more questions in a pleasant voice and then there was an end of the free board and lodging that he had enjoyed.

Well, no matter how cold a reception the outside world held for him he still had the five-dollar bill that the newspaper man had given him. "I 'cumulates Iffy some place and den us an' his dog friends has a mighty grand ruckus down to dat hot dog stand."

Accumulating Iffy was no problem. Iffy was on guard outside the courtroom door, but the Wildcat's march toward the hot dog ruckus was interrupted by another white man who seemed to be loaded down with questions. "First of all, do you want a job?" this gentleman asked.

Here was an awakening from the Wildcat's dream of leisure. The Wildcat looked at his questioner and decided that a job in the gentleman's employ would make a mighty lucky boy out of a footloose rambler. "Captain, (Continued on page 52)

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# Dog Days

(Continued from page 51)

yassuh, us sho' do assept dat proposition."

"You come along with me then," the white man directed. "I'll give you a job on my ranch taking care of the garden. It's the only way I can keep that dog of mine home." The man pointed to Iffy, disporting himself on the turf.

"Captain, suh, is Iffy yo' dog?"

"He's my dog right enough, but his name isn't 'Iffy'. That's the best Airedale in California. That old tramp is Valiant Boy. I was mighty glad to see his picture in the paper. You've got a hundred dollars

coming to you for finding him. Have you got your other reward from the bank yet?"

The Wildcat batted his eyes. "A hundred dollars—money from de bank." What kind of funny talk did the white folks talk? To his questioner, "Cap'n, suh—us don't jest understand' about dis money from de bank. You mean I git a hundred dollahs for sociatin' with Iffy?"

"You get the reward I offered for him, of course. Don't you know that the First National Bank of Sunnyview is holding a thousand dollars for you?"

"Holdin' money for me? How come us got money in de bank?"

"You identified the cashier and the book-keeper—and they confessed robbing the bank. The bank will pay you the reward whenever you call for it."

"Hundred dollars—thousand dollars . . . 'leven hundred dollars!" Smiling at his new employer, "Lawdy, Captain, lost rabbit foots is luck fo' me an' Iffy! . . . Whereat is dis Dee-pression business gone to whut everybody in de land wuz complainin' about?"

# Paper Made the Mare Go

(Continued from page 17)

In days like ours when we are shocked to learn that our dollar is down to eighty cents in foreign exchange it is almost impossible to realize what the dollar did in those days.

**I**N 1780 patriotic women in an earnest effort to help the poor soldiers scurried about and collected \$300,000. But this magnificent sum amounted to only \$7500 in hard cash. The government would not accept its own money even for the payment of its own taxes except on a basis of 75 to 1. By May, 1781, a real dollar was worth 400 or 500, or a thousand continental dollars. Such expressions as "not worth a continental" and "I don't give a continental" had their origin then.

Our people, as usual, tried to laugh off their troubles. In Rhode Island a mock funeral ceremony was held and a pile of money buried in state. Charles E. Russell says: "People that used it at all used it for shaving paper." Barbershops were papered with it. Sailors made suits of clothes of it, "decayed finery which in its better days had passed for thousands of dollars." Sometimes the sailors were not so cheerful about it. Sometimes they ran amok along the streets of Philadelphia with clubs.

In spite of the abject failure of the governmental money seven Colonies "plunged into fresh issues," says Dewey. "Radical minorities in other States demanded the issue of paper money and threatened rebellion if it were not issued."

The result was poverty. Brissot de Warville wrote of seeing in Newport "grass growing in the public square . . . rags stuffed in the windows or hung upon hideous women and lean, unquiet children." With this poverty went all manner of speculation and crookedness. Washington continually denounced his people as lacking in virtue, and his aide, McHenry, wrote that "Constitutional money . . . would have corrupted a community of angels." Our forefathers were certainly

not angels, but great numbers of them were certainly corrupted.

The downfall of money brought a national uprush of prices that weighed especially on the soldiers. In 1778 Washington wrote that it was practically impossible for an officer to keep up to his requirements:

"A Rat in the shape of a horse, is not to be bought at this time for less than £200. A Saddle under Thirty or Forty—Boots twenty."

A colonel was supposed to get \$90 a month; a captain \$45; a private \$7. By August, 1779, this amounted in fact to \$6.50 a month or about twenty cents a day for a colonel, \$3.50 a month or ten cents a day for a captain, and thirty-three and one-half cents a month for a private. And sometimes they did not get even this for months—or years! Now imagine a mounted officer unpaid for months, then paid in worthless paper, having to pay a thousand dollars for his horse, \$200 for a saddle and \$100 for a pair of boots.

We can realize why a Frenchman wrote: "There is a hundred times more enthusiasm for this Revolution in the first café you choose to name at Paris than there is in all the United States together."

The French were in a café, eating and drinking, while our soldiers were in a stinking camp, freezing and starving. No wonder we let the French take over the Revolution and furnish the money, the ammunition, the uniforms, and a great number of the officers, soldiers, and ships.

How the soldiers' families survived all these years is almost beyond conceiving. By 1780 corn sold for \$180 a bushel, tea for \$90 a pound, butter for \$12. A hand-kerchief cost \$100. Samuel Adams, who was very poor, paid \$2,000 for a suit of clothes. Poor Tom Paine paid \$300 for a pair of stockings. A pair of boots cost \$600, half a dozen yards of calico cost \$752. General Gates built a fence one hundred yards long to confine prisoners and it cost

him—believe it or not—half a million dollars.

In 1778 Congress had passed a resolution to redeem its own money at one to forty dollars. In other words it repudiated 39/40 of its own obligations. This was pleasant news for the soldiers, who had to take what money Congress could get for them and then try to pass it among the public for what they could get for it.

In 1781 even the printing presses revolted and Congress stopped publishing fiction under the *nom de guerre* of "money."

Price-fixing was attempted, of course. It has been much recommended since—and is recommended today. In 1778 it was tried with no better result than riots and the loss of so many lives that Pelatiah Webster could add to the other crimes of inflation the statement that paper money had killed more men "and done more injustice than the arms and artifices of the enemy."

**O**FFICERS sent bundles of pay home when they could collect it, but it was almost worthless and their families lived on relations or charity. Widows with comfortable estates received them in worthless paper and became poor relations. Speculators grew rich and unscrupulous debtors cleared off their obligations with delicious ease. If you had bought a farm on credit for \$10,000, you spent \$10, bought \$10,000 worth of government money with it, handed it over to the unfortunate creditor—if you could catch him—and demanded a receipt. Creditors were actually chased all over the landscape by debtors. Sometimes they were cornered and forced to sign a receipt in full at the point of a bayonet.

Profiteering raged. Graft was everywhere. Some of our most revered patriots were cashing in heavily on the side. Robert Morris grew rich while the army starved. Long after the Revolution he speculated himself into huge bankruptcy and the

debtor's prison, but he made a fortune during the war. The reason our soldiers went barefoot was that many of the shoe manufacturers were crooks, collected high prices for shoes and then did not deliver them to the troops but sold them to the public at even higher prices.

The shivering troops did not even have the help of good warm food. They were half-starved most of the time and wholly starved for long periods.

The farmers would not sell provisions to the patriots because the patriots' money was worth hardly more than so many cabbage leaves. Washington said that it took a wagonload of money to buy a wagonload of food, and at that he usually had to overawe the farmer with a firing squad. A common name for paper money was "cartload."

**I**N PLACE of the pride a soldier feels in his uniform, the American of that day was lucky to have somebody's second hand suit to wear. The army frequently sent to the cities begging for cast-off clothes.

Many of the soldiers, when they saw women, had to run and hide. They usually had to back away, because, as General Jedediah Huntington wrote of the garrison at Peekskill: "The Troops are bare footed, bare leg'd and almost bare a—d."

In 1778 Allen McLane dressed his rough riders in uniforms made out of table linen and on their arctic rides had them pour rum in their boots to keep their feet from freezing! And there was not much rum.

The baleful influence of bad money and high prices took heaviest toll of the sick and wounded. The surgeons were few and often unskilled. Being ill paid or unpaid they were apt to steal the medicines and sell them to their civilian customers.

Under such conditions it is not surprising that desertion was so common, that robbery and marauding were so frequent, and that occasionally downright mutiny broke the dull monotony.

In 1781 the whole Pennsylvania line, after having been left without a penny of compensation for fifteen months, rose in a fury, killed one officer, wounded others, treated the frantic Anthony Wayne as an amiable lunatic and started to march against Congress. Two weeks later the New Jersey line mutinied. It looked as if the whole army would go on strike. Congress sent delegates who promised not only back pay but a bonus of a pair of shoes, overalls and a shirt for every soldier.

Then the French fleet appeared in Chesapeake Bay and refused to go north, so Washington had to march south to meet it and try to capture Cornwallis, whom Lafayette had cornered at Yorktown. The army marched briskly away for Virginia, but at Philadelphia the soldiers stopped short and refused to go farther without cash. Robert Morris in despair went to Rochambeau and begged for \$20,000. Rochambeau took the money out of his military chest on Morris's solemn promise to repay it. The army marched south

to glory. Just then the French king sent over some cash as a gift to the Americans and Morris repaid the French general's loan out of the French king's donation. Pretty cute finance.

Major Ganoe says, in his "History of the United States Army," that if the French had not outfitted our troops with clothes and shoes "it is doubtful if they could have been present at the capture of Cornwallis, except in the nude."

The eighth year of the war found the soldiers, to quote Ganoe again, "as much as ever derided and neglected by the country. The half pay promised to the officers had never been produced. They were humiliated on social occasions. They had received not over one-sixth of their pay during the whole Revolution . . . The 'deranged officers,' who had been squeezed out of the service by the union of smaller regiments and who had been provided for in no way, had to sell their clothing for support, or beg. They were treated by the public as idlers living on the public bounty and were derided by their neighbors as 'half-pay officers.'"

The surrender at Yorktown practically ended the war, but the army had to hang about its camps for two years longer. The people seemed to have lost what little interest they had previously shown. The soldiers were now merely a mob of loafers. Why should they be paid or clothed or fed?

In 1783 at Newburgh occurred the famous attempt to get the officers to mutiny and march on Congress. It would have succeeded if Washington had not made his famous appeal for one supreme sacrifice. He melted them all to tears and they stuck it out.

When peace was signed, the army was abruptly thrown overboard. The plight of officers and soldiers was simply pitiable. In Ganoe's words: "The army went home without even a ceremonious 'thank you' from the nation. To this day most of them are unpaid."

**T**HE sick and starved and dejected soldiers now had jobs to hunt in a nation where there were no jobs. A military career of any sort was out of the question. The national army was actually reduced to eighty men! Public hospitals and a sense of public responsibility for disabled veterans were practically undreamed of.

The thirteen colonies, feebly held together by the bonds of war, fell apart and began to regard one another as trade rivals, separate and hostile nations. We have heard much recently of tariff walls about the nations of Europe. In our country under the Articles of Confederation tariff walls went up around every colony. There were thirteen Chinese walls and each colony suffered from its isolation.

Hard times grew harder and 1786 was called "the black year." On its small scale it surpassed in privations anything we have recently known. Farm lands had no sales value whatever. Foreclosures were so common (Continued on page 54)

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# *Paper Made the Mare Go*

(Continued from page 53)

that, as in Iowa this year, the farmers attacked the courthouses and threatened the judges. The soldiers had no pensions, no war insurance, no recognized claim on the nation they had saved and made possible.

Then the Constitution was proposed for the formation of a new Government. This was really a revolution overthrowing the old. Washington was made President, and backed Hamilton in his plan to redeem the nation's disgrace by making good its money and paying off the debts of all the States since all the States were now one. This plan to assume the state debts and fund them and give our money its face value was bitterly fought, but fortunately it prevailed. Unfortunately the glorious deed was besmirched with infamous financial chicanery. Speculators who had advance information went galloping about the land and taking fast boats to distant ports in search of old soldiers and farmers who had taken sums of continental money for service or supplies. By 1786, paper money had been issued to the amount of \$21,562,725. The speculators played on men's ignorance, and in that nearly newspaperless day few had heard of the new deal. The speculator would casually lead the conversation round to old money, and express a faint interest in collecting it—as a curio. The innocent farmers and soldiers were glad to sell bundles of money for almost anything that was offered in hard cash. The speculators picked up all that was available at a tenth, or less, of its value, then sped back to the cities and sold it to the Government at full price.

When the deluded soldiers learned how they had been hoodwinked and robbed, they set up a mighty howl. But all they got for their pains was the vocal exercise. This transaction is one of the ugliest in American history. The whole story of paper money abounds in harrowing and disgusting details everywhere. And yet—needs must when the devil drives.

Against the shame and suffering of that episode we have to realize the glory and luxury that have come to mankind as a consequence of the building of this nation. The forgotten soldiers and the despised paper money made it possible.

During and following the Civil War there were similar ridiculous and tragic experiences with paper money but again it saved the drowning nation from death and dissolution.

We entered the World War late after two years of piling up money selling supplies at war prices. We emerged from the war in fine fettle after treating our soldiers more handsomely than soldiers were ever treated before. But the day of reckoning was merely postponed till 1930 and on.

In the other countries the wartime inflation brought speedy collapse. The franc, the lira and the other moneys sank away to appalling depths. In conquered Germany, with commerce, colonies and treasure lost and reparations crushing, there came revolution and the vanishing of good money. What recourse was there but the printing press? Nearly two thousand presses ran day and night publishing money; and the "vicious spiral" of which we have heard so much spun like a top.

Before the World War a mark was worth a little less than our quarter. By 1923 it took a hundred million marks to buy one copy of a newspaper. In the place of four marks buying an American dollar as before, it took the astronomical figure of 6,000,000,000,000 (six trillion) marks to buy a dollar. Contrast this with the United States in 1788 when you could buy a whole Spanish dollar for only 2400 Virginia dollars.

In 1929 our country also went into the vicious spiral. Financiers, politicians who admitted that their wisdom had lifted us to unparalleled prosperity could offer no relief except advice to hang onto gold and trust to the party in power and the bankers. Now once more inflation has been invoked, yet only after every other measure failed. Its first manifestations were, as hoped, higher prices. The soldiers' pay and pensions naturally suffer. But that has always been the case. The soldier is the lad who is strong and brave, and who loves his country. He is willing to give his life for it. Therefore it is assumed that he ought to be willing to give his livelihood for it. He was willing to die of bullet and bayonet wounds for his country. Why should he mutter at starving to death?

Once in the Army, always in the Army, financially speaking. If the soldier is not willing to forget that he fought and bled and was crippled, the country will do his forgetting for him. He should have thought of all that before he went to war. It is too late to say, "I'll never love another country." He should have thought of that before he was born.

# *The Known Unknown*

(Continued from page 25)

into town where she could be properly cared for. She firmly and smilingly refused. "I couldn't leave here," she said positively. "You see Robert and I have been here ever since we were married—Bobby was born here—my whole life and this place are wrapped together—we can't be separated...."

"But you'll be so lonesome here by yourself, then you might get sick."

"I won't be lonesome," she laughed. She always laughed easily. "I've got my flowers, my garden and the chickens. I'll be busy and happy too. You can transplant a young plant but it's disastrous to move an old one. Don't worry about me, son, I'll get along fine right where I am."

During the next year I saw the old lady many times. She bought a radio and it gave her much pleasure. Two small photos—one of Robert and one of Bobby—had been enlarged and hung in her bed

room. "At nights," she told me confidentially, "when the radio's playing some pretty music and I'm sitting in my easy chair looking up at Bobby and Robert, their lips seem to move—you know we always could read each other's lips. We talk about many things and it seems just like old times."

Some months later I was sitting in my office when a well-dressed stranger came in. He was clear-eyed, rather dark of skin, and seemed to be somewhere in his middle thirties. After he'd introduced himself—his name was Louis Pantone—he asked, "Do you happen to know a Mrs. Anne Woodward who lives, I'm informed, somewhere about here?—in the country, I believe?"

I said, "Yes," wondering what he wanted.

"I was in the Army with her son, in fact I was with him when he was killed. I'd like to see and talk to her."

In less than five minutes we were on our way.

While we were riding Pantone told me that he and Bobby Woodward—Woody, he called him—had been in the same outfit, had gone over together, had become buddies. They'd been together in early November when Woody was killed.

I told him about Mrs. Woodward—how she lived alone after her husband's death, how cheerful and active she was. "Woody's mother would naturally be that way," he said when I finished.

We found Mrs. Woodward in her back yard scolding and fretting with a nervous leghorn hen.

"You'll have to excuse me, boys," she said when we came up. "This young lady hasn't had much family experience."

After the hen had been securely shut up, I introduced Mister Pantone. The old lady looked hard at Pantone, her head tilted to

one side. "You are Pantone, aren't you?" she said slowly. "You and Bobby were arrested in Epinal one Sunday for overstaying your leave and had to do kitchen police for a week?"

"Yes, mam. That's me." Pantone's face lit up with recollection.

"I know a lot about you," she said. "I've still got all of Bobby's letters. I believe I know them all by heart. You and he must have had some great times."

"I'll say we did," Pantone replied enthusiastically.

**W**E WENT into the house. The old lady seemed livelier than usual, her eyes sparkled and a continuous smile played about the corners of her mouth. "I want you all to see Bobby's room." She led us back to a room that opened on the back porch. It was a small one-windowed room, but beyond the window on some lattice work was a rose vine heavy with large blood-red blossoms. "That's Bobby's favorite flower," Mrs. Woodward said. "He planted it—let's see—it was his first year at school. That's getting to be quite a while." She laughed as if the memory was sweet.

The whole room was spotlessly clean and well kept. The narrow single bed was made up and the pillows looked fresh and white.

She went over and unlocked a round-topped, wooden ridged trunk, lifted the cover, took out a packet of letters neatly tied. "These are Bobby's letters written from France," she explained. "That's how I knew so much about you." She smiled at Pantone.

In one corner was a single barreled shotgun, a baseball bat and a deflated football. Above these hung a faded plaid mackinaw. On a small table near the bed there were three books neatly stacked. I leaned over and read the titles, *Ivanhoe* by Scott, *David Copperfield* by Dickens, the short stories of Poe. Near the books were a pile of newspaper clippings held down by a marble weight. I examined these and was surprised to see they all dealt with the various ceremonies at Arlington relative to the Unknown Soldier. My face must have been puzzled when I looked up for she said, "Here's Bobby's closet."

It was evident she wanted to dismiss the subject of the clippings. She opened the closet door, an odor of moth balls came out. She cast an appraising eye on the contents of the closet—suits and overcoats on hangers, pressed and in perfect order. "Come on, boys, let's go up front. Here I am talking when there's so much I want to hear."

After we'd been comfortably seated in the old lady's room, she turned to Pantone. "I want you to tell me everything, especially about those last few days—I've thought about it so much. Don't leave out anything!"

Pantone coughed; he seemed at a loss as to how to begin. "You know about all that happened up to the Meuse-Argonne from Woody's letters, I suppose," he said.

"Tell me about those last few days

before, before . . ." her voice faltered; she pursed her lips tightly together in an effort to regain composure, "before it happened."

"We had finished one stretch of about ten days after the drive opened on the twenty-sixth and had gone back to rest up a bit and get some replacements—the outfit was shot up pretty badly. Woody and I were lucky, neither of us had been scratched. We enjoyed ourselves eating and sleeping and, believe me, we needed it. Woody salvaged a piece of flat iron from somewhere—I think it was part of a 77 breast plate—and used it to cook pancakes on. Where he got the necessary ingredients, I don't know, but he got 'em."

"I remember," the old lady interrupted eagerly, "that was in his last letter. He said he could find everything but some cane syrup. And Papa and I with two barrels in the smoke house!" The smile on her face was very faint. "From then on is what I want to know," she added.

**A**FEW days later we were sent in again. The weather was terrible—rainy and cold. We marched at night. Woody and I threw away our packs—they were too heavy. We finally got up front and got going immediately. The first day was not so bad—the Germans were falling back, using machine guns. That night Woody and I rested in a clump of woods. We tried to sleep but couldn't, it was too wet and cold. Next day we went forward again. The German guns got busy and the going was hard. Woody and I managed to reach a little town by the name of Cunel. We took shelter in a building that was once a church. The Germans were sending 'em over by the wholesale. Our platoon was pretty well scattered. We waited in what had been this church for some time. I remember Woody found a little statue lying among the debris on the floor—it was the Virgin Mary—about as big as your finger. He put it into his blouse. 'I'll take that to Mamma,' he said. 'It'll make her a nice souvenir.'

"Bobby . . . my baby," the old lady said in a soft whisper. Her eyes were misty but she did not cry. "Go on . . . go on!" she said to Pantone.

"That afternoon we again went forward. Beyond Cunel was a rising piece of ground that slanted up to the woods. We headed in that direction. When we got about a hundred yards from the woods, Hell broke loose. They let us have everything they had and they had plenty. It seemed like the earth was exploding underneath us, machine gun bullets whined about our ears like mad hornets. Bobby and I didn't hesitate; we turned, ran and dived into the nearest shell hole. We lay there for some time. Overhead was an inferno. When the din had somewhat subsided, I turned toward Bobby; he was looking at me. There was a reddish smudge around his collar." Pantone stopped talking, he looked at me uncertainly, reluctant to continue.

I looked at Mrs. Woodward. She sat very quiet, tried (Continued on page 56)



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# The Known Unknown

(Continued from page 55)

to smile—it was an unsuccessful effort.

"Go on . . . Go on!" Her voice was unnatural.

"I undid his collar," Pantone continued. "There was an ugly wound right at the base of his neck—it had cut the string that held the dog tag, I mean the identification disc. I took it and put it in my pocket. Woody was perfectly conscious although he couldn't talk above a whisper. 'Panty,' he told me, 'if I don't happen to get back I want you to look up Mamma and Papa and tell 'em all about it, tell 'em I love 'em. And tell Mamma I wanted to do something big to make her proud. I promised her I would.'"

"He kept his promise," the old lady said. "Yes, he kept his promise."

"A little later I tried to make it back to Cun l, I remember leaving the shell-hole; then . . . it was a hospital in Bar-le-Duc when I came to. After I rejoined the company two months later, no one knew anything about Woody, but most of the old-timers were gone—it was mostly replacements."

Pantone stopped talking abruptly. It was very quiet in the little parlor. A breeze rattled one of the window shades and the noise seemed unusually loud. The old lady might have been asleep, she sat so still and her eyes though open did not blink but

stared vacantly at the musty carpet. Pantone fumbled awkwardly in his pocket, pulled out the dog tag, leaned over and extended it. Mrs. Woodward's hand trembled as she reached for it. For a moment she looked at the disc, her eyes dilated, her lips dry and open. Then her fingers closed tightly over the small piece of metal and pressed it quickly to her breast.

"Please go!" she said, her voice broken. "I . . . I want to be alone."

We hesitated. "Go . . . Go!" she said, "I've got to be alone."

We rode in silence on the way back to town.

"There were heroes in the late war besides those who fought in France," Pantone laconically commented as I told him good-bye.

Next day I again rode out to see Mrs. Woodward. She was in her front yard pulling grass from the flower beds. She greeted me laughing—youth had returned to her eyes and smiles again wreathed her face. I marveled at the transformation.

"Isn't it glorious this morning," she said. "I love the autumn. It's my favorite time of the year. I'm so glad you came. I've something for you to do for me."

"Gladly."

"Next month is November and on the eleventh I want a big bunch of red roses

placed on The Unknown Soldier's grave at Arlington."

I must have looked puzzled for she laughed. "Don't ask any questions," she said. "As a matter of fact the eleventh happens to be Bobby's birthday."

"That's singular," I said, remembering the numerous newspaper clippings.

"In a way it is, but you remember Bobby's last message to me. Perhaps . . ." she paused and looked off, her expression was wistful. She looked back at me, her eyes were very brown and very deep. "I'm mighty proud of my boy."

"You think that Bobby perhaps . . ."

"Don't," she said quickly. "That's my secret. God has been good to me. Don't think I'm an old woman who's imagining things from too much loneliness and isolation. I'm not harboring an illusion. There are some things that we know, and we know that we know; why we know we can't explain but that only tends to make our convictions the stronger."

I nodded my head.

"You'll see about the roses, won't you?"

"It will be a great pleasure," I said.

"Tell me," she added and blushed like a school girl, "don't you think I've a right to be proud?"

"I certainly do," I answered, and meant what I said.

# The Cowards Never Started

(Continued from page 13)

most dangerous thing in the whole world.

For the thing that makes for progress is starting. The man who sticks always to the beaten track dies a beaten man.

The man who desires the better thing and who has the courage to start towards it, moves the world with his dream. In every little village there were men and women who felt within themselves a deep hunger and a striving for a better world. Some of them started. It was always those with their chins up and their eyes fixed on the far horizon.

Cowards die many times before their deaths; The valiant never taste of death but once.

If then, we could look back in time, we would observe little knots of people led by men who had heard the inner voice of courage. We should see men and women of all ages, races and creeds starting off on the far quest, ever ready to face all difficulties, to contend with hunger, cold, scurvy, the terrors of nature.

Some landed on a bleak coast, a mere fringe of land on the edge of a hostile, unknown continent inhabited by savages.

On their way they had faced the dangers of two months at sea. The *Mayflower*, with

its human cargo of people who had come to face the unknown, was sixty-six days on the way across. In the 128 years since Columbus the time of crossing had been cut down by just three days!

The privations, the dangers, those early settlers faced are known to every school child.

In 1819, it took the *Savannah*, first steamboat to make the crossing, 27 days.

In 200 years the time had been reduced by 39 days.

Those people on the *Savannah* faced the unknown also. They had no jobs. They had no knowledge of the new land.

They started from scratch.

In 1860, it took the *Great Eastern* nine days to cross. In 41 years the time had been reduced 18 more days. The people on the *Great Eastern* came to a land of peace and opportunity.

Within a year they were in a deadly war, followed by a panic!

A LITTLE boy of seven went to sleep on a bed of dry leaves in the corner of a pole shed up on Little Pigeon Creek one winter night in 1816. There was a hoot owl crying in the beech grove. The little boy

woke and looked out on a winter sky with a high quarter moon.

There was a white shine of thin frost. Sandburg tells how an old wonder takes hold of a boy on a night like that. That little boy may have wondered how his people had ever dared to come away out there in the woods. How his dad had the bravery to set off through the dark forests. He probably wondered what little boys were thinking about down on the big plantations to the south.

He could never have known, as he pulled the covers over him and the hoot owl made a momentary shadow across the moon on his way back into the deep forests, that one day all the boys, older and younger than he, would some follow and some hate him. For the boy who slept that night on Little Pigeon Creek was named Abe Lincoln.

If his forbears hadn't started from a little British hamlet, he would never have been there to lead mankind his long stride ahead.

ON THAT same winter night, away back in the early eighteen hundreds, the old moon could tell him that hundreds of

wagon trains were headed west, across the Alleghanies, through the "Bloody Ground." The moon could look down on the rough trails, see broken wagon wheels. In the cold winter night there were women covering up their babies and many a mother as she looked could see the skull of a man, a broken tomahawk, an old musket butt, at the side of the trail.

Along that trail there lay many a white skeleton. It had once been a man, a man who had started from some far place, perhaps fought disease on a sailing ship, worked for years to get together enough to buy a wagon and horse, had started west to new land, had fought savages, hunger, the rivers and the long rains—and had lost. Out of this great trek to the west came a rather crude old folk saying:

"The Cowards Never Started and the Weak Died by the Way."

But the ones that died weren't always the weak ones. There was that one fight, one of many, in the blue-grass country when a wagon-train was attacked from the rear by the Indians. Eleven men quietly dropped back to cover the train's retreat.

It was essential to give the others time to gain a vantage point ahead, there to prepare for battle. There were scores of women and children in the train.

The eleven quiet men prepared to die that the rest might live, took their places near a gray cliff in the narrow pass.

One at a time they fell, dead or wounded. Each man before he fell accounted for one or more savages, gained precious moments for those gone ahead. At the last there was one white man left alive in the pass.

From far off now, the others could hear his single gun bark out against the exultant yells of the enemy. He too died fighting.

THERE were "rugged individualists" all through our early history.

Yet their deeds of ruggedness and courage were done for the common good.

Greed and ambition didn't mean the same thing then. People were too close to raw realities.

One man's greed might ruin a whole wagon train, wreck a whole village.

Their ambitions were none-the-less great because they were fixed on a vision for the future, a better world to live in. Nathan Hale who so gladly gave his life for his country in 1776, Davy Crockett dying with his back to the wall, a knife in his hand in the Alamo in 1836, the hundreds of other men who died that others might go forward, had no thought of greed for personal gain to lead them on.

They knew and foresaw what we, their descendants, are learning again in 1933, that it takes more than bags of gold to stand on, to lift a man above the crowd.

THERE is a stirring and a striving abroad in the land and the low hissing noise of the air going out from stuffed shirts, the moan of the wind which blew off so many high hats, is serving as a refreshing breeze to a new group of pioneers.

No more courageous, no more brave were

those who founded the nation and those who helped build it, than our neighbors and friends during the recent dark years.

Theirs was the same steadfast belief, theirs the unwillingness to be swayed by false prophets, theirs the charity to share with others, theirs the same courage to face the hardships, the failures of men in high places.

This year of 1933 will go down in history as the year of the great showdown.

Most men, most business will prove solid—some are seen now to have been hollow, empty shells. From this point on we will know where to pin our faith.

We are going to go on, new pioneers of the spirit, to cross the rivers and the mountains that have hemmed us in during the dull, arid years of materialism when our dream and our fathers' dream for a time grew dim.

OUR present mood is again one for adventure, for marching on. In this mood a new leadership has been given us.

Our ability to follow it is now our test. In our next march forward we have only to fear the greatest sins of the spirit: Fear, indecision, lack of belief. They are the same negations which held back those in the towns and hamlets who never dared to start when our fathers did. We march to victory only under the banner of eager courage, the willingness to face new dangers and overcome them.

In Roosevelt's inaugural these words were used:

"Our common difficulties concern, thank God, only material things. Practices of the unscrupulous money changers stand indicted. They have tried, but their efforts have been cast in the pattern of an outworn tradition . . . They know only the rules of a generation of self seekers. If we are to go forward we must move as a well trained and loyal army willing to sacrifice for the good of a common discipline. I assume unhesitatingly the leadership of this great army."

During those "seven days that made history", the President sensed the latent power in each individual, the desire and the ability to follow. He said in his first radio talk:

"Let us be united in banishing fear . . . It is your problem no less than it is mine. "Together we cannot fail."

OF COURSE, we can't fail. A race descended from these who weren't afraid to start can't fail.

A family won't go under when it realizes its solemn duty and privilege to carry on, head up, in honor of its founder who started from the far place for this land, who gave of his courage and his power to keep on to his descendants.

It is our privilege to live at a time when the new wagon trains begin their journey across the rivers of doubt and the mountains of selfishness, to the plains beyond, where our destiny lies; an ordered and conscious Government of the kind our ancestors conceived (Continued on page 58)

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# *The Cowards Never Started*

*(Continued from page 57)*

when they started from the far-off places.

It is a joy and a privilege to be alive and able to march on to a national and individual testing ground, unique in the world's history.

The way before us is untrod.

It leads to a new order under our American form of government, a far better order than that which war and economic revolution swept away.

Selfish passions and greedy self interest will be replaced by intelligent leadership and fellowship.

It is a long, hard road to that better civilization all men desire, but it is our task to start now, and in the right direction.

We are all of us, sound bankers, business men, salesmen, retailers, wage workers, farmers, partners in the greatest enterprise and most glorious crusade in history.

There is a dawn across the hills.

A true vision, the same that our forefathers had, leads us on.

And "where there is no vision the people perish."

Old black men are alive today who were born into slavery. In the lifetime of a man of seventy-five there have been introduced and perfected (to mention only a few) electric power and light, the telephone, the automobile, wireless, aircraft, steel making, the linotype, concrete roads, radio, tremendous developments in surgery, science and medicine.

THE years just ahead will bring even greater developments in scientific and also in social progress. In this program each one of us must go ahead by a supreme effort of will and courage, or slip backward to despair.

There is no standing still for nations or individuals in the times that test men's courage.

It is our lot again to start as those others started in days long buried. We must live

gloriously and courageously or be left behind. Men who live in a great age must dare greatly. We are, each of us, put now to the test. It is the time of the great crusade and of the great showdown.

The real leaders of business will step up to take the places of those whose clay feet broke when they left their big chairs and were forced to walk.

Those who gave their names to us know that we, each one of us, now have the courage to carry forward the torch they handed us. It was the cowards who never started. It was the timid and the disheartened who turned back. They never came to America.

The cowards won't start now.

Let's get moving—now, this day, this hour.

The past is dead and gone, the future is this minute lengthened by our own effort. We start now toward the dawn across the hill.

# *And Then Came Forrest*

*(Continued from page 19)*

belief in the supernatural is nothing by comparison with that of his forbears just released from slavery. They lived in a dream world. Freedom itself seemed a dream, by some miracle come true. As the crops advanced in the spring of 1866 planters were harassed by their old trouble about inducing the Negroes to work. The situation was getting serious when the Klan hit upon the idea of making a tour of Negro cabins and dropping a sepulchral word of advice on the subject.

One clever Ghoul rigged up under his robe a waterproof sack of oil-cloth. He would stop at a Negro hut and arouse the sleeping occupants with a request for water. If brought a cup or gourd he would say to take it back, that he was "right dry" and wanted a bucket of water. The bucket produced, the Klansman would raise it to his lips and return it empty. "That's the first drink I've had since Chickamauga. Now, niggers, I want to see you hoein' that cotton."

The cotton was hoed.

The flourishing state of agriculture in Giles County, Tennessee, attracted the attention of farmers in Limestone County, Alabama, which adjoins it on the south. By arrangement with the Pulaski Den a second Den of the Klan was organized at Athens, Alabama, with a consequent improvement of crop conditions.

UP TO this time the policy of the Federal Government had been to permit the South to work out its own rehabilitation in its own way, and even to accord it

a sympathetic and helping hand. This had been the idea of Lincoln, and after his assassination it was carried into effect by Andrew Johnson. Mr. Johnson was a Unionist to the core and an idealist on the subject of human rights, but he was also a Tennessean and under no delusion as to the nature of the practical problem presented by the sudden liberation of three million slaves.

Under this sensible arrangement the South made good progress for the first eighteen months after Appomattox. Northern capitalists saw it as a promising field for the employment of idle funds, and ambitious young men, many of them ex-soldiers, began to move south to rebuild their own fortunes along with those of a new Dixie rising from the ashes.

A combination of things wrecked this program and brought on the nightmare of Reconstruction, which set the South back twenty-five years and bred more lasting hatreds than the war had done.

After the war there was in Congress a minority of extremists, or Radicals, who believed the South was getting off too easily and that humiliation should be added to defeat. At the same time in the South a minority of die-hards refused to accept the arbitrament of arms and sought to thwart at every turn the incipient reconciliation of the sections. With both groups Johnson dealt honestly and courageously, but he lacked tact. As a result the Northern Radicals obtained control of Congress at the elections of 1866, and began a campaign of proscription against Johnson and against

the South which for unscrupulous violence is unequaled in our history.

A bill was passed over the President's veto demanding that every candidate for office in the South take an oath that he had not supported the Confederacy. This virtually removed the white population from the field of government. On top of this the way was open to Negro suffrage. A Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution was proposed to the effect that a State denying the Negro the ballot should be denied representation in Congress on the basis of its Negro population.

Very naturally, the South took alarm. It had its hands full accommodating the Negro to his new place in the industrial scheme. Now it faced the possibility of having to deal with him as a voter, eligible for election to the offices from which nearly every respectable white man was excluded. Northern adventurers were quick to sense the opportunity thus opened. They began to flock south and establish residences that would enable them to run for office and to cultivate the befuddled Negroes. This type of immigrant was of a different stripe from the responsible investors and energetic settlers who had come immediately after the war.

Middle Tennessee and Northern Alabama had found in the Ku Klux Klan an instrument by which the Negroes could be more or less controlled. This strange fraternity, about which the majority of Southerners was still mystified, seemed to promise a means of defense against the threatened tide of Northern persecution. As such

it began to spread. New Dens were formed and hooded night riders began to address their persuasions to white meddlers as well as to idle Negroes.

But the Radical Congress was not through. A bill was proposed abolishing the local governments in ten southern States and grouping them into five military districts in charge of Federal generals. The military régime was to endure until each State called a constitutional convention and framed a new constitution that would be acceptable to Congress. Negroes were declared eligible to vote and to be delegates at these conventions, but no white man could be a delegate unless he took an oath that he had not supported the Confederacy. This incredible piece of legislation became the law of the land, over Mr. Johnson's veto, on March 2, 1867.

The South shuddered. The reconstruction, which a year before was concerned simply with the difficulties of instructing the black man in the responsibilities of his new economic position, was turned into a fight to maintain the social and political supremacy of the white race—a situation the most fervent abolitionist had not dreamed of before the war.

Frank O. McCord was still Grand Cyclops of the Pulaski Den of the Ku Klux Klan, and as such maintained a certain authority over the other Dens. In the struggle impending he had a vision of the Klan serving the whole South as it had come to serve a portion of Tennessee and Alabama. This quiet determination to resist in the shadow of Federal bayonets was a desperate throw, but the South had little more to lose. McCord believed, however, that the project was beyond his powers. The Klan needed a proved leader whom men would follow and obey in any extremity. At a conference of representatives from other Dens the name of Nathan Bedford Forrest was suggested.

No better proposal could have been made.

Forrest was perhaps the most remarkable military personage of the Civil War. Born in Tennessee of impoverished and illiterate parents, he grew up without having seen the inside of a school house, and in 1861 enlisted as a private in the Confederate

Army. He was forty years old and did not use tobacco or liquor. Although deeply religious he could make the air blue with profanity when aroused. In six months he became a colonel of cavalry, and in another six a brigadier general. A year after that he was a major general and in 1865 a lieutenant general, though at no time did he command more than twelve thousand men. Usually with a much smaller force of semi-independent cavalrymen who put edges on their sabers like razors he roamed the countryside, capturing in the course of the war 31,000 prisoners and millions of dollars' worth of supplies. Twenty-nine horses were said to have been shot under him and the general himself was badly wounded four times. Though he never cracked a book on a military subject the strategy of Hannibal and Caesar and Napoleon Bonaparte came to him by instinct.

After a visit by invitation to one of the Dens General Forrest consented to head the Klan. A convention, with delegates from every Den, was called to meet secretly in Nashville in May of 1867 to reorganize the order. The city was filled with Federal troops. Negro militia was being recruited, armed and billeted in wooden barracks at the foot of the knoll surmounted by the classical capitol building of Tennessee.

By ones and twos the delegates slipped into the city and registered at the Maxwell House, which was also the unofficial headquarters of the army of occupation. Forrest was there. In the lobbies Klansmen passed each other without a sign of recognition. At the appointed hour they were all in Room No. 10, where General Forrest was administered the oath and formally received—without hat or donkey ears—into the Ku Klux Klan. In the same crowded room, with delegates seated on beds, window ledges and the floor, and blue-clad soldiers thronging Market Street below, opened the deliberations calculated to save the white South from a military dictatorship or rule by former slaves.

*In a second article Mr. James will tell how the Ku Klux Klan accomplished its work, disbanded and was succeeded by the United Confederate Veterans.*

## Let's Go, Chicago!

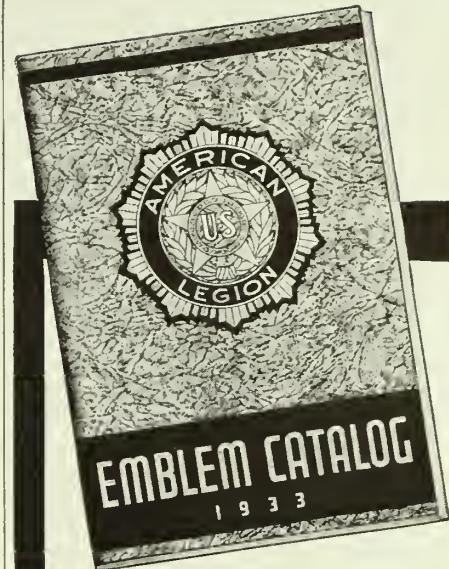
(Continued from page 31)

Arrangements have also been made for supplying a membership lapel button and a distinctive cap. Membership dues will be twenty-five cents. Bryce P. Beard, Commander of the North Carolina Department, chairman of the committee which prepared the plans for the new society, emphasized in his report to the National Executive Committee that it will not encroach upon the program of the Boy Scouts but will afford its members training in patriotic duty and community service. The Chicago convention is expected to

make additional plans for the society.

### O. L. Bodenhamer Dies

AS THIS issue of the Monthly was being completed, word arrived of the death of Past National Commander O. L. Bodenhamer of Eldorado, Arkansas. The entire American Legion was shocked and grieved when Mr. Bodenhamer died on June 19th following burns he suffered that day from the explosion of gas in an oil field near Henderson, Texas. (Continued on page 60)



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# Let's Go, Chicago!

(Continued from page 59)

The blast came as he was inspecting oil property he owned, preparatory to reopening it for operation. More than 150 yards from the nearest well, in a ravine where gas had accumulated, Mr. Bodenhamer struck a match to light a cigarette. In the explosion which followed, the clothing was burned from Mr. Bodenhamer's body. A lease tender who was with him at the time of the accident was seriously burned.

Mrs. Bodenhamer hastened from her home to the hospital where Mr. Bodenhamer was taken and was at his bedside when he died. She was formerly Miss Irene Richardson of Eldorado, and their marriage took place immediately after the Boston convention in 1930, which marked the end of Mr. Bodenhamer's year as National Commander.

The news of Mr. Bodenhamer's death came at a moment when the July issue of the Monthly was in the mails on its way to readers, and that issue, by coincidence, contained a biographical sketch of Mr. Bodenhamer, one of the series of articles on Past National Commanders which have been appearing in the magazine in each issue.

National Commander Louis Johnson paid a tribute to Mr. Bodenhamer. "He left a lasting impression upon the ideals and history of the Legion," Mr. Johnson said. "In my travels this year I encountered everywhere Legionnaires who held him in deepest affection and highest regard. No other National Commander was more liked."

Frank E. Samuel, National Adjutant, and James F. Barton, Past National Adjutant and General Manager of The American Legion Monthly, attended the funeral in Eldorado, at which Legion leaders from Arkansas and the entire South were also present.

## Making Safe Drivers

POSTS of the Legion conducting safety campaigns are using free safety material supplied by the Silvertown Safety League of the B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company of Akron, Ohio. Drivers of both pleasure and commercial vehicles may be enrolled in the safety league, each driver signing a pledge to observe cautious driving rules at the time he receives a safety emblem, in the form of a crystal reflector which will afford protection if the tail light goes out, and a safety manual. This material is available to posts through Goodrich dealers.

In its report to the Portland national convention last September the National Americanism Commission declared: "The Safety First activity is one of the finest efforts to which an American Legion post can turn its energies. The American Legion, the Forty and Eight and the

Auxiliary occupy a strategic position for meeting this accident problem. The Legion through a vigorous effort can arouse the nation to the menace of this growing evil."

## For Automobile Safety

HERE is a proverb that one picture is worth ten thousand words. In a sixteen-page booklet entitled "Control—When You Must Stop, Can You?" the John Hancock Life Insurance Company of Boston shows pictorially the most common causes of automobile accidents. The booklet fits into a pocket easily and is therefore well adapted for distribution by American Legion posts conducting automobile safety campaigns. The John Hancock Life Insurance Company, which pioneered in organized highway safety education by launching its campaign in 1926, has supplied literature on highway safety to more than 2,000 posts of The American Legion. Copies of its safety booklet, which is a revision of the work first issued in 1926, may be obtained by writing the John Hancock Inquiry Bureau, 191 Clarendon Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

## Chicago Convention Contests

HE tens of hundreds of drummers and buglers in The American Legion are going to come into their own during the Chicago national convention, and so are the hosts of players of slide trombones, bass horns and cornets. At no previous convention were drum and bugle corps and band contests staged as grandly as they will be in Chicago, according to word from John G. Gallivan, the Chicago contest chairman, whose address is American Legion convention headquarters in Hotel Morrison.

Fully 125,000 persons can see the drum and bugle corps contest, for it will be held on Soldier Field on the lake front, the same huge stadium in which the convention parade will wind up before National Commander Johnson and others in the biggest reviewing stand ever seen at a Legion convention. L. C. Baker, Commander of Commonwealth Edison Post's corps, is chairman of this event.

The band contest will be held in the band shell opposite the Field Museum in Grant Park, not far from the big stadium and very close to the main gate of A Century of Progress, so that it is bound to attract a big crowd. The shell is large enough to seat 150 bandmen. Axmin F. Hand, director of Board of Trade Post National Champion Band, is chairman of the band contests. The drill team contest, under the chairmanship of Hamlet Ridgeway, Commander of Woodlawn Post Drill Team, will be held one-half mile north of the band shell. The individual drumming con-

test will be held in the bandroom of the Board of Trade Building. Joseph Hathaway, Chicago's national individual drumming champion, will boss this event. The individual bugling contest, under the direction of James Mason, Illinois state champion bugler, will be held in another room of Board of Trade Building. The champion drum major and runners-up will be chosen while the drum corps are in the drum corps contest. Larry Hammond is running this end of the show.

The bowling tournament will be held at 131 South Wabash Street, in the heart of the convention area. Twenty alleys will be reserved, and it looks as if they will all be needed. Chairman Wilfred Albert reports the teams from outside Chicago will bowl during the convention and home teams before and after it.

The national American Legion golf championships will be held Monday, October 2d, at Olympia Fields. The championship events will be thirty-six holes. The major trophies will be the Army and Navy cups, which will be awarded to the low gross player of each branch of service. There will be team events also. The entry fee is \$2 a player, which includes greens fee and clubhouse privileges. Olympia Fields is famous as the scene of many national tournaments.

The contest committee will have information sheets on all events, so that all outfits and individuals will know in advance every necessary detail. These sheets may be had at all convention information booths. Mr. Gallivan will answer by mail any inquiries up to convention time.

## With the Legion's Marksmen

HE section of the country which produced the first shooting eyes in America, if paintings showing the Pilgrim Fathers questing for turkeys with blunderbusses may be relied upon, has given to the Legion its 1933 champion post rifle team. The team of Cambridge (Massachusetts) Post won the Governor Paul V. McNutt Trophy by scoring 1,720 out of a possible 1,800 in the match in which post teams from all parts of the country participated. Each team shot the match on its home range and targets were forwarded by mail to Frank J. Schneller, National Marksmanship Director, at Neenah, Wisconsin. The winning team was captained by John H. Pembroke, Massachusetts Department rifle chairman.

Allendale (New Jersey) Post won second place in the McNutt match with 1,717, Robert O. Fletcher Post of Norwich, Connecticut, was next, with 1,695, and Rose City Post of Portland, Oregon, was fourth, with 1,672. Other teams in order were: Livingston, Montana; Delphi, Indiana; Des Moines, Iowa; Appleton, Wisconsin;

Bremerton, Washington; San Francisco, California; Minneapolis, Minnesota; Desplaines, Illinois; Hamilton, Ohio; Sterling, Colorado; St. Petersburg, Florida; Grand Rapids, Michigan; Honolulu, Hawaii, and St. Louis, Missouri. Roy C. Kent of Delphi, Indiana, had high individual score, 294; John J. Jewell of Allendale, New Jersey was second, with 293, and J. H. Martin of Bremerton, Washington, and Roy Gardner of Delphi, Indiana, each had 289.

### Roll Call

CLAUDE M. BRISTOL, who wrote "At Your Service, U. S. 101," is a member of Portland (Oregon) Post . . . Percy F. Garnett belongs to Mill Valley (California) Post . . . Roy Dickinson is a

member of East Orange (New Jersey) Post, and Herbert Morton Stoops, who illustrated Mr. Dickinson's article, is a member of Jefferson Feigl Post of New York City . . . Louis Johnson, National Commander, is a member of Roy E. Parish Post of Clarksburg, West Virginia . . . Rupert Hughes belongs to Los Angeles (California) Post . . . Marquis James is a member of S. Rankin Drew Post of New York City . . . Donald T. Winder is a Past Commander of Oak Park (Illinois) Post and present Commander of Marine Post of Chicago . . . Frank C. Mathews, Jr., was Commander of the New Jersey Department in 1925-26 . . . Milton J. Foreman is a Past National Commander and is a member of Harold A. Taylor Post of Chicago.

PHILIP VON BLON

## Hell Off Hatteras

(Continued from page 34)

to the National Economy League gang.

"In seeking to placate this insane desire to collect and hoard these dirty little pieces of paper, it occurred to me that if I could enlist your sympathy sufficiently to tell the American Legion boys about my malady, a few might have some duplicate stamps that they would be willing to contribute to the cause. If it should transpire that I receive any I already have, be assured they will be passed on to my fellow stamp collectors, of whom there are quite a number here at Oteen."

Go to it, gang!

TIME for joining the host of outfit reunions to be held during the national convention grows short. If you want to gather your gang together in Chicago, October second to fifth, report promptly to Sidney T. Holzman, Chairman of Reunions, who may be addressed in care of Judge E. K. Jarecki, County Building, Chicago, and to The Company Clerk, so the news may be broadcast.

Detailed information regarding the following Chicago convention reunions may be obtained from the persons whose names and addresses appear:

NATIONAL YEOMEN (F)—Reunion. Mrs. Nell W. Halsted, 7136 East End av., Chicago, Mrs. Donna G. Akin, 4560 Millersville rd., Indianapolis, Miss Mollie C. Dundon, 635 Saratoga st., East Boston, Mass.

MARINETTES—Reunion of all women who served in the U. S. Marine Corps. Mrs. Blanche S. Osborne, 8245 Ingleside av., Chicago.

SOCIETY OF FIRST DIV., A. E. F.—Annual reunion. Headquarters, Hotel Sherman, Randolph & Clark sts., Chicago, where dinner, annual meeting and dance will be held on Oct. 2. Three-dollar fee includes all reunion entertainment. Gen. Summerall and other C. O.'s to attend. D. E. Meeker, Room 308, 1 Hanson pl., Brooklyn, N. Y.

FOURTH DIV. ASSOC.—National convention of all state chapters and 4th Div. veterans.

92D DIV.—Reunion. Harold M. Tyler, 5501 Prairie av., Chicago.

MARINES—4th annual reunion of all Marines, Wed., Oct. 4. Archie M. Benson, chmn., reunion comm., 423 County bldg., Chicago.

38TH INF., REG. U. S. ARMY—Organization and reunion meeting. Col. Morris M. Keck, U. S. Army, Federal bldg., Chicago, or Paul G. Armstrong, 209 N. La Salle st., Chicago.

33N U. S. INF.—Proposed organization and reunion of all men who served in Canal Zone during 1918-19.

Louis J. Gilbert, 260 Gregory av., Apt. 6D, Passaic, N. J.

129TH INF., HQ. Co.—Reunion, Sept. 27 to Oct. 6. Capt. George A. Burton, 111 W. Washington st., Chicago.

368TH INF., 92N DIV.—Chauncy D. Clarke, 5742 S. Parkway av., Chicago.

326TH M. G. BN., CO. D—Reunion and dinner, Walter M. Wood, Box 1001, Portsmouth, Ohio.

14TH F. A. BAND AND POST FIELD BAND (Ft. Sill and Post Field, Okla.)—A. L. Scott, Box 208, Paducah, Ky.

6TH F. S. BN.—Walter A. Firestone, Larwill, Ind., or Clare L. Moon, Niles, Mich.

419TH TEL. BN.—Reunion. Members' asked also to send pictures, maps, stories, etc., for proposed history to ex-Sgt. H. T. Madden, 5931 Wayside av., Cincinnati, Ohio.

21ST ENGRS., L. R. SOC.—Organized Camp Grant, Ill., 1917. All out for Chicago, 1933. L. J. McClurg, secy-treas., 8535 Oglesby av., Chicago.

28TH ENGRS.—Erick O. Meling, 2046 N. Spaulding av., Chicago.

31ST RY. ENGRS., A. E. F.—F. E. Love, secy-treas., 104½ First st., SW, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

36TH ENGRS.—H. J. Arens, 3516 S. Halsted st., Chicago.

39TH ENGRS., RY. OPERATING BN.—Reunion, Hotel Atlantic, Chicago, Oct. 3. B. E. Ryan, secy., 308 Central st., Elkins, W. Va.

56TH AND 603D ENGRS. (SEARCHLIGHT)—W. H. White, 4831 Park av., South, Minneapolis, Minn.

60TH RY. ENGRS., A. E. F.—L. H. Foord, adjt., 3318 Flower st., Huntington Park, Calif.

71ST AND 604TH ENGRS.—Louis D. Mickles, 604 Commerce bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

118TH ENGRS., Ft. Benj. Harrison and A. E. F.—All veterans invited to register by mail with Illinois Central Post of the Legion, Chicago, for proposed reunion and entertainment during convention. Clyde D. Burton, adjt., 1171 E. 43d st., Chicago, Ill.

213TH ENGRS., 13TH DIV.—Proposed organization and reunion meeting. Truman S. Clark, 4553 N. Lincoln st., Chicago, Ill.

527TH ENGRS.—Tues., Oct. 3. Maj. Edwin M. Sincere, Steger bldg., 28 E. Jackson bldv., Chicago.

R. R. & C. OF BILLETING SERVICE, Base Sec. No. 2, Bordeaux—Proposed reunion. R. R. Brinkerhoff, Utica, Ohio.

MOTOR TRUCK CO. NO. 411—Reunion dinner. Leroy C. Hanby, Connersville, Ind.

106TH SUP. TRN., CO. A—W. M. Applegate, 6033 Champlain av., Chicago.

323N SUP. CO., Q. M. C. AND HQ. CO., A. P. O. 910—Proposed organization and reunion. J. J. Crean, Box 103, New Britain, Conn., or V. J. Bormann, De-catur, Ind.

M. L. COS. 304-5-6-7-8, AND CAS. CO. NO. 5, Q. M. C.—D. V. Dake, 38 Hobart sq., Whitman, Mass.

4TH ANTI-AIRCRAFT BN., C. A. C.—George A. Carman, Buffalo Center, Iowa.

C. A. C. (all batteries including 1ST SEP. BRGDE.)—Headquarters at Taylor Post, A. L., Club Rooms, 1358 N. Clark st., Chicago. Reunion, banquet. J. A. Donnelly, 516 W. Seminary, Wheaton, Ill., or Wm G. Kuenzel, 24 Gilman st., Holyoke, Mass.

TANK CORPS VETS.—N. Salowich, 1401 Barium Tower, Detroit, or C. L. Lewellen, 4865 Newport av., Detroit, Mich.

NATL. ASSOC. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VETS.—Reunion. Headquarters, Palmer House, Chicago. Wilford L. Jessup, Daily News Searchlight, Bremer-ton, Wash., or Craig S. Herbert, 3333 N. 18th st., Philadelphia, Pa.

17TH BALLOON CO.—G. W. Palmer, 415 E. Main st., Logansport, Ind., or W. W. Laird, 3321 Virginia av., Sioux City, Iowa.

(Continued on page 62)

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Size	Rim	Tires	Tubes
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29x4.40-20	2.10	0.85	30x3 1/2
29x4.40-19	2.15	0.85	31x3 1/2
28x4.75-19	2.20	0.95	32x3 1/2
29x4.75-20	2.25	0.95	33x3 1/2
29x4.75-19	2.60	1.05	34x3 1/2
29x5.00-19	2.65	1.05	32x4 1/2
28x5.25-18	2.75	1.15	33x4 1/2
29x5.25-19	2.75	1.15	34x4 1/2
30x5.25-20	2.75	1.15	30x5
31x5.25-20	2.95	1.15	33x5
29x5.50-18	2.95	1.15	35x5
29x5.50-19	2.95	1.15	3.50
30x5.00-18	2.95	1.15	
31x5.00-19	2.95	1.15	
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33x6.00-21	3.20	1.25	
32x5.50-20	3.20	1.35	

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# Hell Off Hatteras

(Continued from page 61)

28TH AERO SQDRN.—Organization and reunion. Daniel W. Thurman, P. O. Box 1177, Pampa, Texas.

37TH AERO SQDRN.—George J. Yepsen, 208 N. Wells st., or H. E. Holloway, 7205 Van Buren av., Hammond, Ind.

35TH AERO SQDRN.—Reunion, Chicago, Oct. 1-2. D. K. Mitchell, 51 Park av., Middleport, N. Y.

107TH AERO SQDRN.—Reunion, Chicago, Sept. 30-Oct. 2. Henry Schmidt, 331 N. Bancroft st., Indianapolis, Ind.

801ST AERO SQDRN.—Reunion, Chicago, Sept. 30-Oct. 2. Frank Erhardt, 1022 N. Johnson st., South Bend, Ind.

380TH and 828TH AERO SQDRNS. (Mt Clemens, Mich.)—Jay N. Helm, 940 Hill st., Elgin, Ill.

802D AERO REPAIR SQDRN., Issoudun, France—Frank L. Mullett, 28 Pearl st., Medford, Mass.

CAS. CO. NO. 3, Q. M. C.—D. V. Dake, 38 Hobart st., Whitman, Mass.

Q. M. DET., Issoudun, France—Proposed reunion Charles A. La Salle, 510 S. Woodlawn av., Wheaton, Ill., or Frank L. Mullett, 28 Pearl st., Medford, Mass.

11TH CONST. CO., AIR SERV., SIG. CORPS—Proposed reunion. Theodore J. Herzog, adjt., Harold A. Taylor Post, 1358 N. Clark st., Chicago.

BATTLE SURVIVORS OF OLD BREWERY DETS 2 AND 3, Q. M. C., Newport News—Reunion, Atlantic Hotel, Chicago, Walter McLain, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Post Q. M. DET., Givres, A. P. O. 713, also 4TH CLERICAL CO., Camp Johnston, Fla.—Joseph C. Williamson, Route 1, Box 113, Argos, Ind.

311TH M. P. CO. A, 80TH DIV.—Vets. of Camp Grant, 1917-18. Earl L. Salomon, 318 W. Randolph st., Chicago.

LA SOCIETE DES SOLDATS DE VERNUIL (BASE SPARE PARTS 1, 2 AND 3, M. T. C. 327)—Fifth annual reunion, Midland Club, 172 West Adams st., Chicago, Ill., Oct. 3. B. C. Petersen, Jr., secretaire, 920 Arlington st., La Grange, Ill.

M. T. C. VERNEUIL VETS.—Hilmer Gellein, secy., P. O. Box 772, Detroit, Mich.

AMER. R. R. TRANS. CORPS A. E. F. VETS—National meeting and reunion of all railroad men, 11th to 118th Engr. Regts., inclusive. Apply for delegate card to Gerald J. Murray, natl. adjt., 1132 Bryn Mawr st., Scranton, Pa.

MOTOR TRANS. CO. 688—Proposed reunion. Edward T. Gorgen, 5116 N. Claremont av., Chicago.

15TH U. S. CAV., TROOP I—Louis "Duke" Jannotto, 10208 Yates av., Chicago.

ORD. CORPS (units that served at Camp Hancock, Ga., Camp Sheridan, Ala., and Camp Mills, N. Y.), also M. P.'s of Camp Hancock—Reunion at clubhouse of Harold A. Taylor Post, 1358 N. Clark st., Chicago. Jim Mangan, 1358 N. Clark st., Chicago.

3D ORD. BN., ST LOUBES, Gironde, France—J. J. Coats, former C. O., Shell Lake, Wisc.

NORTH SEA MINE-LAYING FLEET AND MINE-SWEEPERS (both shore station and ships' crews)—Reunion, Oct. 3, Hq. in U. S. N. R. Armory, foot of Randolph st., on Lake Michigan. Ralph R. Maloney, Joliet Natl. Bank bldg., Joliet, Ill.

NAVY RADIO OPERATORS—Reunion, especially of those trained at Great Lakes, Harvard Radio School and New London Phone School. Norbert C. Knapp, 435 Turner av., Glen Ellyn, Ill.

U. S. NAVAL RY. BTRY.—Reunion. Fred Hartman, 1455 W. Congress st., Chicago.

COAST GUARD SERV.—Reunion of all Coast Guard men. N. L. Schank, 3241 N. Ashland av., Chicago.

U. S. S. Antigone and Saunders Range, Glenburne, Md.—Oscar Hennes, 139 Pipestone st., Benton Harbor, Mich.

S. S. Black Arrow (formerly S. S. Rhaetia and Black Hawk) Armed Guard—Louis R. Dennis, 5111 Quarles st., N. E., Washington, D. C.

U. S. S. Camden, Arethusa, Turkey and Maryland—C. F. Speraw, c/o P. O., Harrisburg, Pa.

U. S. S. El Sol—Proposed reunion. Roy A. Glaser, 193 Orchard st., Elmhurst, Ill.

U. S. S. Kansas BLACK GANG—T. J. McCarthy, 711 Euclid av., Chicago, or R. T. Woodville, 2754 Osgood st., Chicago.

U. S. S. Manta—Wm. J. Johnson, 6358 Peoria st., Chicago.

U. S. S. Mississippi—Lester H. Bishop, 2205 Sixth st., Monroe, Wisc.

U. S. S. President Lincoln—In addition to annual reunion on May 31, anniversary of sinking of the ship, a special reunion will be held in Chicago during Legion convention. Stephen A. Jusko, 902 N. Francisco av., Chicago.

U. S. S. Rhode Island—S. W. Leighton, 1118 S. Elmwood av., Oak Park, Ill.

U. S. S. West-Pool—Frank Noelke, Motor City Post, A. L., 658 Ledyard st., Detroit, Mich.

U. S. NAVAL BASE NO. 17, Scotland—Michael J. Leary, 5249 Cabanne av., St. Louis, Mo.

U. S. SUBMARINE BASES OR TENDERS, April, 1917, to July, 1921—Reunion under auspices WORLD WAR SUBMARINE VETS. ASSOC. Irving H. Hunciker, 833 South blvd., Evanston, Ill.

BASE HOSP., Camp MacArthur, Tex.—Entire staff. Sam L. Iskwitch, 4257 Archer av., Chicago, Ill.

BASE HOSP. NO. 136—Reunion of men, officers and

nurses. Dr. Elmer V. McCarthy, Stewart bldg., 108 N. State st., Chicago.

EVAC. HOSP. NO. 3—Guy R. Walther, 118 W. Cherry st., Winslow, Ariz.

EVAC. HOSP. NO. 6 VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion. History available. R. I. Prentiss, pres., Lexington, Mass.

128TH AMB. CO., 32D DIV.—Clarke W. Cummings, 400 Green av., Bay City, Mich.

AMB. CO. 129, 108TH SAN. TRN., 33D DIV.—Fred S. Kahn, secy., 228 N. La Salle st., Room 1564, Chicago.

ADV. MED. SUP. DEPT. NO. 1, A. P. O. 712—Philip W. Seyfarth, First Natl. Bank, Blue Island, Ill.

NATIONAL GUARD ASSOC. OF THE U. S.—Reunion, Chicago, Sept. 27-29. Col. Diller S. Meyers, Hq., 33D DIV., office of C. G., 33 N. La Salle st., Chicago, Illinois.

PULASKI POST, THE AMERICAN LEGION, will hold open house at its Memorial Home, 1558 N. Hoyne av., Chicago, for all veterans of Polish extraction during convention. Club house is a short distance from center of city. Felix A. Kempski, comdr., 2843 N. Mobile av., Chicago.

DORR FIELD MASONIC CLUB, Arcadia, Fla.—Leo Mayer, 614 E. 63d st., Chicago.

DISABLED AMERICAN VETERANS OF THE WORLD WAR—Reunion of all members who are also Legionnaires and will attend Legion national convention in

138TH INF., A. E. F.—Second reunion in Btry. A Armory, St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 5. Report to Harry Dierker, secy., 5906 Kennerly av., St. Louis.

316TH INF. ASSOC.—14th annual reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 26, at conclusion of Dept. Convention of Pennsylvania Legion. Raymond A. Cullen, 6562 Windsor av., Philadelphia, Pa.

333D (ALL KANSAS) INF. SOC.—Convention and reunion, Abilene, Kans., Sept. 2-4. Headquarters at Sunflower Hotel. Milton Jones, Abilene.

355TH INF.—Convention and reunion, Albion, Nebr., Oct. 8-9. Albert P. Schwarz, recdg. secy., Lincoln, Nebr., L. I. Smoyer, pres., Albion.

3D N. J. INF., CO. K—Reunion at Armory, Bridgeport, N. J., Oct. 14. Clifford J. Mixner, secy., Bridgeport.

34TH INF., M. G. CO.—5th annual reunion, Philips Park, Aurora, Ill., Aug. 6. Henry Rauscher, 639 Hinman st., Aurora.

110TH INF., CO. L, 28TH DIV.—3d annual reunion, Blairsville, Pa., Sept. 10. West A. Reed, secy., Blairsville.

112TH INF., CO. H—7th annual reunion at Capt. Geary's Camp, near Ridgway, Pa., Aug. 10. Wm. H. Cannon, Jr., Warren, Pa.

168TH INF., CO. I—Annual reunion, Glenwood, Iowa, July 28. Philip E. Minner, 1 Vine st., Apts., Council Bluffs, Iowa.

316TH INF., CO. 79TH DIV.—Annual reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 26. Joseph Cooney, 2347 S. 69th st., Philadelphia.

356TH INF., CO. C—Former members interested in proposed reunion this summer, write to Ray W. Miller, 317 E. Santa Fe av., Marcelline, Mo.

130TH M. G. BN., CO. B, 35TH DIV.—7th annual reunion, A. L. Memorial Home, Springfield, Mo., Sept. 26. Paul A. Frey, pres., Box 25, S. S. S., Springfield.

51ST PIONEER INF.—10th annual reunion, State Armory, Hempstead, L. I., N. Y., Sept. 10. Floyd S. Weeks, chmn. of reunion, Hempstead.

56TH PIONEER INF.—Meeting of North Carolina Assoc. at Monroe, N. C., Aug. 8. Louie F. Hart, pres., Monroe, N. C.

316TH F. S. BN. VETS. ASSOC.—Compiling directory of all who served in Camp Lewis and A. E. F., for distribution to members. Send names, addresses, rank and company to R. Howry, 41 First st., San Francisco, Calif.

6TH F. A. GNL. BTRY K, 1ST ART., and BTRY. B, 4TH ART., prior to 1901; also 2D, 7TH, 20TH, 21ST, 22D and 25TH SEP. BTRIES, of F. A. prior to 1907—Complete history of 6TH F. A., including earlier units, from 1798, is ready for publication. To determine press run and cost, all members interested write to Capt. John H. Fye, adjt., 6TH F. A., Fort Hoyle, Md.

11TH F. A.—Annual reunion, Altoona, Pa., Sept. 2-4 (Labor Day week-end). R. C. Dickeson, secy., 4816-47th st., Woodside, N. Y.

312TH FIELD REMOUNT SQDRN.—Reunion and proposed organization. Howard Jones, R. R. 2, Polk, Ohio, or Lee Kutz, 3923 Chouteau av., St. Louis, Mo.

34TH REGT. ENGRS.—5th annual reunion, Triangle Park, Dayton, Ohio, Sun., Sept. 3. Basket picnic, Hq. at Gibbons Hotel. George Remple, secy.-treas., 1225 Alberta st., Dayton.

107TH ENGRS., 32D DIV.—4th annual reunion, Milwaukee, Wisc., Nov. 11. Jos. Hrdlick, secy., 2203 N. 41st st., Milwaukee.

320D ENGRS.—Reunion in conjunction with Dept. Legion convention, Binghamton, N. Y., Aug. 31-Sept. 2. Fred A. Rupp, 28 E. 39th st., New York, N. Y.

308TH ENGRS. ASSOC.—13th reunion, Cedar Point, Ohio, Aug. 5-6. Dedication of memorial plaque. F. J. Ritzenthaler, Sandusky, Ohio.

309TH ENGRS.—10th annual reunion, Columbus, Ohio, Aug. 25-26. C. L. Orr, secy.-treas., 678 S. Remington rd., Columbus.

314TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC., 89TH DIV.—Reunion, St. Louis, Mo., in Oct. To complete roster, all veterans report to R. J. Walker, 2720 Ann av., St. Louis.

22D ENGRS., CO. K—Annual reunion, Rocks Park, Charleston, Ill., Aug. 27. Robert O. Brooks, Rardin, Ill.

309TH SUP. TRN., CO. F—7th annual meeting, Hotel Gibson, Cincinnati, Ohio, Aug. 19-20. C. C. Perry, Bardwell, Ky.

308TH M. S. T. VETS. ASSOC.—8th annual reunion, Akron, Ohio, Sept. 2-4. Hq. at Hotel Mayflower. Harold A. Waltz, 1014 Second Natl. Bank bldg., Akron.

826TH AERO SQDRN.—Annual reunion, Chicago, date to be announced. John D. Shoptaugh, 3119 Empire State bldg., New York City.

1ST, 2D, 3D AND 4TH REGTS., AIR SERV. MECH., A. E. F.—Seventh annual reunion, Morrison Hotel, Chicago, Ill., Aug. 31-Sept. 2. Thomas J. Leahy, 7141 Jeffrey av., Chicago.

36TH CO., U. S. MARINES—Reunion at Legion luncheon club, Hayward Hotel, Los Angeles, Calif., Aug. 22. Carl L. May, pres., 803 Law bldg., Los Angeles.

U. S. ARMY AMB. SERV. ASSOC.—To complete roster, all former members report to Edward C. roster, all former members report to Edward C.



REUNIONS and other activities scheduled for places and times other than the National Convention, follow:

ALL MARINES AND SECOND DIV. MEN—Reunion and luncheon, Friday, Aug. 25, Thos. Roberts Reath Marine Post No. 186, A. L., Philadelphia, during Department Legion convention. Details furnished upon registration at convention.

THIRD DIV. SOCIETY—All who send name, address and outfit number to G. B. Dubois, 1239-30th st., N. W., Washington, D. C., will receive copy of *The Watch on the Rhine*.

5TH DIV.—Annual reunion, Atlantic City, N. J., Sept. 2-4. Peter P. Zio, pres., 1411 Jefferson st., Philadelphia, Pa.

6TH DIV.—Reunion banquet, Pasadena, Calif., Aug. 13, during Department Legion convention. A. E. Baron, La Crescenta, Calif.

28TH DIV.—Third annual reunion of the Society of the 28th Div., Mt. Gretna, Pa., Aug. 5-6. F. A. Warner, secy., 42d and Woodland av., Philadelphia, Pa.

29TH DIV. ASSOC.—Reunion, Newark, N. J., Sept. 16-17. (Dates changed from Oct. 7-8 to avoid conflict with Legion natl. conv.) All veterans write to H. J. Lepper, secy., 343 High st., Newark.

30TH DIV.—64-page Pictorial History, including about 200 photographs of divisional activities, ready for publication. To determine press run, former members write to R. L. Carter, 1218 Olive st., St. Louis, Mo.

RAINBOW DIV. VETS.—*The Rainbow Reveille* is your magazine; write for free copy and state company and regiment with which you served. K. A. Sutherland, editor, 1213 Sonora av., Glendale, Calif.

77TH DIV.—Annual reunion, parade and dinner, Sept. 23, New York City. Headquarters at 77th Div. Assoc. Clubhouse, 28 E. 39th st. For reservations and information write to Alex Horowitz, secy., 28 E. 39th st., New York City.

4TH ILLINOIS-130TH INF. VETS. ASSOC.—7th annual reunion, Sept. 16-17, at Benton, Ill. Joe E. Harris, Paris, Ill.

20TH INF. VETS. ASSOC. (20TH INF., 1864-1933, ALSO 42D, 43D AND 70TH INF.)—Reunion, Milwaukee, Wis., Aug. 27-31. Ed. Robinson, 819 Sycamore st., Kokomo, Ind., or Claude Webster, 2001 Westmont, Ill., or to Headquarters, 1934-23d st., A, Moline, Ill.

Kemp, 6 Beacon st., Boston or Wilbur P. Hunter, 535 Chestnut st., Philadelphia, Pa.

AMB. CO. 35, 7TH SAN. TRN., 7TH DIV.—2d annual reunion, Terre Haute, Ind., Sept. 3. Harry E. Black, Box 153, Parnassus Sta., New Kensington, Pa.

3D ANTI-AIRCRAFT M. G. BN.—Reorganization and dinner in Aug. Report to L. C. Thompson, 7902 18th av., Brooklyn, N. Y., or Tom Walsh, 1972 E. 29th st., Brooklyn.

318 SUPPLY CO., Q. M. C., Western Div.—Reunion in Chicago, Ill., Sept. 14. Sherman Hotel suggested as headquarters. Party at "Mother" Shepherd's home, Sat. eve, Sept. 2. Report to Mrs. Fannie Shepherd, 110 S. Grove av., Oak Park, Ill.

308TH AM. TRN., CO. G.—Reunion at Griggs storage dam, three miles northwest of Columbus, Ohio, Aug. 6. O. T. Dunlap, secy., Worthington, Ohio.

UTILITIES & CONSTR. Q. M. DETS., CAMP LEWIS, WASH.—Veterans interested in proposed reunion at California Dept. Legion convention, Pasadena, Calif., Aug. 14-16, write to Al Mehn, Ojai, Calif., or Geo. E. Morrison, 911 Wooster st., Los Angeles, Calif.

MARINES: BARNETT MEMORIAL FUND COMMITTEE—All former officers and men are invited to contribute not to exceed two dollars each to a fund being raised to erect a memorial to the late Major General George Barnett, U. S. Marine Corps in the Washington (D. C.) Cathedral. Remittances may be made to Lt. Col. Chas. R. Sanderson, A. Q. M., U. S. M. C. Hq., U. S. Marine Corps, Navy bldg., Washington, D. C.

U. S. NAV. AIR STA., PORTO CORSINO, ITALY—Proposed reunion of all officers and men. D. Edward Lepore, Box 99, Fayville, Mass.

U. S. S. Covington—To complete roster, all survivors report to M. G. Crawford, 29 Lithgow st., Dorchester, Mass.

U. S. S. Minnesota—Proposed reunion and dinner. Chas. F. Bowman, 348 W. Patriot st., Somerset, Pa. BASE HOSP. NO. 116—15th annual reunion, Hotel McAlpin, New York City, Nov. 11. Dr. Torr W. Harmer, 416 Marlborough st., Boston, Mass.

VETS, MED. DET., JEFFERSON BARRACKS, MO., 1917-18—5th annual reunion, Post Hospital grounds, Jefferson Barracks, Sun., Sept. 3. J. T. Pinkston, 962 Paul Brown bldg., St. Louis, Mo.; Roy Wentworth, Chamber of Commerce, St. Louis, or W. J. Meisenbach, 816 Peoria st., Peru, Ill.

MED. DET., BASE HOSP., CAMP DEVENS, MASS.—Reunion during Mass. Dept. convention, Holyoke, Mass., Aug. 17-19. Joe Atkinson, North Andover, Mass., or Roy A. Murchison, 16 W. Baltimore st., Lynn, Mass.

16 CLUB—Proposed organization of veterans of all branches of service who were sixteen years old or less at time of enlistment. Andrew Vogt, 72 Adams st., Mount Vernon, N. Y.

ARMY FIELD CLERKS—Front and center! Those desiring to form permanent association, send data of service to Lawrence F. Deutzman, editor, *The Messenger*, Smithtown, L. I., N. Y.

WHILE we are unable to conduct a general missing persons column, we stand ready to assist in locating men whose statements are required in support of various claims. Queries and responses should be directed to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 600 Bond Building, Washington, D. C. The committee wants information in the following cases:

MED. CORPS, BASE HOSP., CAMP DEVENS, MASS.—Pvis. CANAVAN and MAGUIRE, other members and patients who recall injury to E. L. BRADY while on guard duty in insane ward, July, 1918.

305TH INF., CO. H, 77TH DIV.—Sgts. YORKE and PALMER, Cpl. Hobert CARNETT and PATRICK, who knew Fred MARSHALL while in Autreville, France, during winter of 1918. Marshall known as "Feets," "Feathers," or "Cart" to his comrades.

NAVAL AIR STATION, ILE TUDY, FRANCE—Men who recall seaplane accident in which Ensign PECK and George E. McGINTY were injured, Aug., 1918, to assist latter with claim.

MED. DET., 68TH RY. ENGRS., (later 154TH, 155TH and 156TH COS., TRANSP. CORPS)—Men remembering Elmer L. MILLER assisting in quieting troops after submarine alarm, night of Sept. 10, 1918, en route France on British S. S. *Belgic*.

116TH INF., CO. H, 29TH DIV.—Lt. Anthony H. PETERS, Lt. HERN and others who recall Noble J. MILNER being shell shocked during Meuse-Argonne Offensive, between Oct. 15 and Nov. 5, 1918; also Cpl. Joe QUATE and others who recall him being gassed.

6TH F. A., BTRY. F, 1ST DIV.—Men who recall Martin PETERSON being gassed at P. C. Magaret, Summerville Sector, July 1, 1918, and taken to F. H. No. 14 at Boway, France.

68TH INF., CO. B—Comrades who recall Glen RANDALL, pvt., between Aug. 5 and Sept. 27, 1918.

321ST FIELD REMOUNT, Q. M. C.—Capt., lt., medical officers and others who recall Louis M. SHANKS being sent to hospital in A. E. F., Nov. 7, 1918.

123D INF., HQ. CO., 31ST DIV.—Men who recall Pvt. Demp A. SPIVEY being sent to base hospital after having measles, with severe cough, loss of voice, etc. Also MCRAE who was in Gen. Hosp., Ft. McPherson, with him.

40TH CO., C. A. C., 1901—Statements from Jacob H. HAHN, musician, Thomas R. POWERS, police sgt., and Lt. Samuel SHARTEL, during 1901, to assist Isto WARREN.

402D LABOR BN., CO. B, CAMP HANCOCK, GA.—Lt. HERBERT, Sgt. JONES, Cpl. THOMAS, Pvts. R. WHITE and Chas. STANFORD and others to assist Willie WHITE.

M. O. T. C., FT. RILEY, KANS.—Any medical officers, especially of Company No. 27, who recall Charles F. BURKHARDT, Capt., M. R. C., collapsing on gym grounds at Ft. Riley, about Apr. 27, 1918.

BUTLER, Leroy James, pvt., 351st F. A., Btry. E, also 1st Co., 1st Trn. Bn., 154th Depot Bdg., last heard of in 1922 while T. B. patient in Fitzsimons Gen. Hosp., Denver, Colo. Mother needs aid.

3D F. A., BTRY. D—Statements from Franklin L. CHRIST, and others who recall accident to George B. DEEN in gunpit at Valdahon, France, 1918.

FOSTER, Winthrop Morse, Btry. A, 1st Regt., F. A., A. E. F. from Sept., 1917, to Apr., 1919, formerly of Winchester, Mass. Lumber salesman, 5 ft. 8 in., dark brown hair, dark brown eyes, smoothfaced, pointed nose, about 150 lbs. Missing since Dec. 28, 1926. Wife needs aid.

7TH BAKERY CO., 1ST DIV., GIEVRES, FRANCE—Capt. Eugene F. HANNUM, Q. M. C., 1st Sgt. Clarence VOHN, and men who helped carry Pvt. James W. GREEN to hospital when he was taken ill.

2D F. S. BN., CO. B—Sgts. BUCKLEY and STACKHOUSE, at Valdahon, France, also Sgt. BRYANT of Co. D at Ft. Riley, Ks., and other members of Btry. A, 6th F. A. who recall explosion, to assist Walter H. HAINES with claim.

U. S. S. Maine—Ex-Coxswain Anton D. HELD needs statements from former shipmates who witnessed his rescue of Seaman HRODY on Nov. 23, 1917; also men who assisted Held to sick bay from captain's steamer while at Hampton Roads, Va., same month, and later to U. S. S. *Solace* for examination.

BASE HOSP. NO. 29, CAMP PIKE, ARK.—1st Lt. H. D. HARLON, Nurse Louise MICHEL, the officer who examined unit for overseas service, Sept. or Oct., 1918, ward master, (probably James STEWART), and others who recall injury to Ben H. HOYES in Ward 29.

109TH INF., M. G. CO.—Orion RODGERS and other comrades who recall John CLEARY being wounded or gassed at Chateau-Thierry about Aug., 1918.

U. S. S. Buffalo—Hugh BETTIE, Arthur LOVE, Sam CRAWFORD and members of the engine room crew who recall injury to Jack E. CURRY in July, 1917.

42D INF., CO. E—Officers, medical officers, 1st Sgt. Lloyd MCNEE, Capt. Jonathan S. COKER, company clerk and others who recall disability to Cpl. Arthur D. MOGGART.

HACKETT, James R., veteran, disabled and under guardianship since 1928, disappeared from San Diego, Calif., Apr. 15, 1933. Age 32, 5 ft. 10 in., 195 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair, large head, impediment of speech. Mentally depressed. Probable destination, Missouri or other Middle Western State.

JOHN J. NOLL  
The Company Clerk

## It Will Take You Back

(Continued from page 3)

the studio of his good friend, the equally great painter Auguste-François Gorguet. He proposed that they collaborate in a painting on a scale comparable with that of the war itself. Presently the friends were at work. Soon they had called to their assistance twenty-eight other well-known members of the Beaux Arts. Their plans called for more and more assistance, until by November 12, 1918—when the great work was by sheer chance completed within one day of the Armistice—still

another hundred or so of painters had worked at the task.

Thus came into being the Panthéon de la Guerre, the largest painting in the world and, in the opinion of many competent critics, likewise one of the greatest. It is forty-five feet high, four-hundred-two feet long on a single unbroken piece of canvas.

Do not get a wrong idea about the Panthéon de la Guerre. It is not just another war panorama, a slapdash job of theatrical scene painting. (Continued on page 64)



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## It Will Take You Back

(Continued from page 63)

It is a fine painting, a thing of beauty. Any single panel from it would grace a museum's walls. At once symbolic and realistic, it is a delight wherever the eye comes to rest. When you have gazed upon it for a few minutes of esthetic satisfaction, you are not through. You may still look at it with pleasure for hours on end, picking out from the mass this detail and that scene, the faces of soldiers and sailors and statesmen whom you knew in person or at a distance, the contours of a familiar battlefield.

Woodrow Wilson, Papa Joffre, Pershing, Edith Cavell, Guynemer, King Albert, Cardinal Mercier, Kitchener, Beatty, Lloyd George. The thirteen-year-old Belgian boy who on his bicycle penetrated the enemy lines ten times and uncovered as many German spies, the American cowboy, the Bolshevik. D'Annunzio, Haig, Foch, Clemenceau, King George with the Prince of Wales, Czar Nicholas with the Czarevitch. Theodore Roosevelt and Taft, past presidents of the United States. Herbert Hoover and Franklin D. Roosevelt, future presidents, Hoover as Belgian relief administrator, Roosevelt as assistant secretary of the navy. All are here, to be seen and recognized. All told—and here I know I am straining your credulity—the painting contains more than six thousand life-size portraits, recognizable to those who knew the man or woman.

I cannot undertake to explain the magnificent symbolism and planning of the painting. Only a great artist could do this. Enough to recount that the portraits are grouped along the lower half of the painting, rising almost to the top in the central panel depicting the heroes of France massed on the steps of the Temple of Victory. Above this foreground is spread out a panorama of the Western Front from the Channel to Belfort.

Believe it or not, this representation of the battlefields is as accurate as a staff map. The observation point is some forty miles outside Paris, near Meaux, closest approach of the German 1914 drive. The horizon is twenty-one miles distant, as it might appear from a mountain top or an airplane. Anyone who fought over this terrain can recognize many spots: the Argonne Forest, Belleau Wood, St. Mihiel, Château-Thierry.

The Panthéon de la Guerre was exhibited in Paris from the close of the war until recently. During these years, eight million people saw it. The Legion convention in 1927 sent it a good many visitors. Recently it was brought to the United States.

During all this summer the painting is on exhibition in a circular building of its own on the Midway at the Chicago World's Fair. Do not, I implore you, fail to visit the Panthéon de la Guerre when you come to A Century of Progress, whether

you make your visit at the time of The American Legion convention in October or at some other time. Plan to take plenty of time to it—an hour may be enough, or you may wish to spend half a day at it. An explanation of the main points of the picture is given at intervals, on a circular balcony commanding a view of the whole panorama, so that visitors have the advantage of this information before starting their individual studies of the detail. Not only will the Panthéon interest you as a veteran, but also it will grip the imagination of everyone you bring with you. Not the least enthusiastic of those who see it are the small boys and girls. I have watched a normally restless twelve-year-old study the painting for half an hour without a sign of either fatigue or boredom.

When you visit the Panthéon de la Guerre and pay the modest admission fee, you are serving another good purpose besides your own entertainment and education. A share of every entrance fee goes to the treasury of Pershing Hall. No doubt you know Pershing Hall, if not at close range then certainly from articles describing it in The American Legion Monthly. It is a permanent war memorial building in Paris, a combination of war museum and social center and headquarters for American patriotic organizations. It houses Paris Post and the Department of France of The American Legion, and is open to all Americans visiting Paris. To its building fund came substantial contributions from many of the auxiliary war organizations, fraternal orders, and other patriotic, social, civic, and cultural groups. Pershing Hall was dedicated on October 1, 1931, by the President of France, the American Ambassador, and distinguished guests. It stands at 49, Rue Pierre-Charon. But Pershing Hall, like so many worthy enterprises started in boom times and finished after the 1929 crash, is still in need of funds. And the share of your admission fees to see the Panthéon de la Guerre at Chicago will give welcome assistance.

Let me repeat the main points. The painting is a masterpiece, well worth seeing as an object of art. But above and beyond its artistic merit, to the average one of us veterans, is its educational value. This picture comes closer than anything else in the world today to providing a pair of magic field glasses from which to view the war as a whole in perspective. And if you have felt as often as have I the need for just such perspective, you will not let anything prevent your seeing the Panthéon de la Guerre when you visit the World's Fair at Chicago this summer or fall. It may not come your way again. Take my advice, and either make a note of it now where you won't mislay it, or else clip out this article as a reminder and tuck it away with your *must* material to accompany you to the fair.

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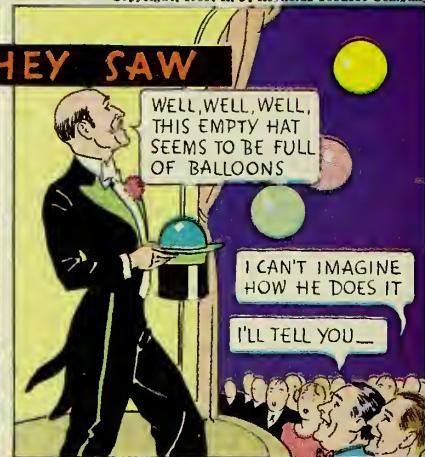
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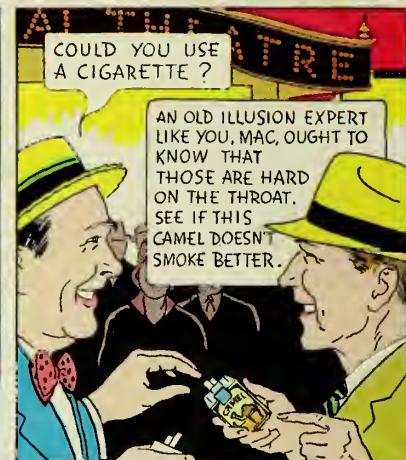
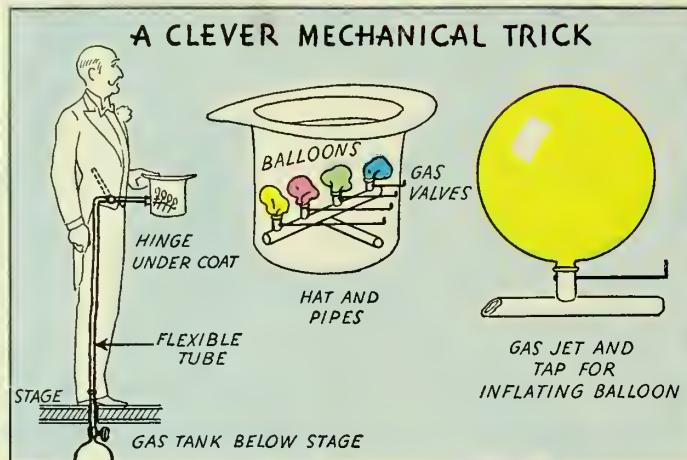
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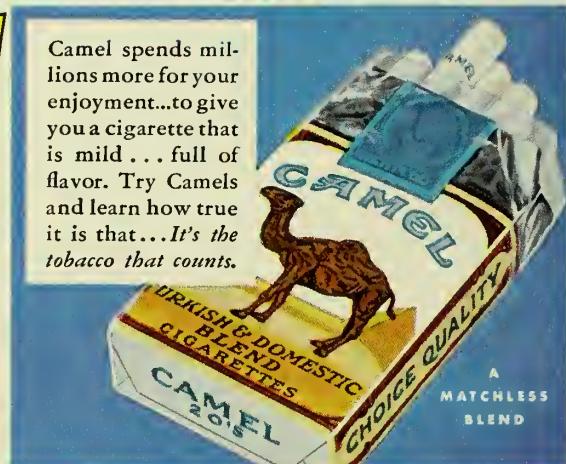
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